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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(*Concluded.*)

THAT was a mournful day in the Claddagh, for Brian Kineely was beloved by young and old, and his death threw a gloom over the entire community. Then Maureen Dhu, the pride and darling of the village, was said to be almost dying, and her misfortune was laid at the door of Shan Driscoll, who, strange to say, was more heavily blamed than Mr. Fitzstephen. Excuses were now made for the latter, and people all at once discovered that there *might* be no harm in trying the trawling, and that the gentleman was for their good. Even Randal More was never, after that day, heard to inveigh against the system, and long before the year was out he himself gave the example, which was taken up by several others of the principal boat-owners. Shan Driscoll alone doggedly adhered to his own method, and to the last day of his life could never be induced to adopt the new one. Indeed he left the Claddagh soon after in a pout and took up his dwelling on a distant part of the Clare coast, where a lonely and deserted cottage tempted him to settle, far away from his kith and kin, where the name of Maureen Dhu never reached his ear, nor her fatal beauty met his eye. Lonely he lived in misanthropic seclusion from his fellow-men, in the more congenial company of rocks, and winds, and waves. This move he did not take, however, until he had heaped the last sod on the desolate old creature whom he had taken to his home, and a beautiful trait in his otherwise rough character was his almost filial devotion to the comfort of that half-crazed, querulous old woman. One other glimpse the reader will have of poor Shan before the curtain falls on our characters.

The news of Brian's hapless fate was studiously kept from his aged parent for many days after he was laid in the grave, and when at last she discovered the truth from little Nanno she neither wept nor lamented. Her feeble mind gave way, "reason toppled from its throne," and she quietly remarked with an idiotic smile that she knew her boy was gone somewhere, but she supposed he wouldn't be long away from her. In this state she was taken to Randal's house, while Maureen was still suffering from the effects of her wound, and there the lonely old woman found a peaceful and comfortable home during the year or two that she remained on earth. Vara took her under her special patronage, and so tenderly did she soothe and minister to the helpless creature that she conceived an extraordinary attachment for her, and would, if permitted, follow her like a child wherever she went.

But how am I to describe the state of fierce excitement in which Vara arrived breathless at her home on that memorable afternoon just as Maureen had been laid on her bed in what seemed to her the sleep of death. What no one else did she bitterly reproached Fitzstephen, and declared she had always thought that and said that no good would come from his hanging about the village. "Sure the black curse is on you all," said she as she wrung her hands in tearless sorrow, "ever sence *ould* Shamus Dhu* put the rope round his son's neck and hung him—the haythen!—it's easy knowin' the black drop's in you all!"

The scathing taunt would at another time have galled Fitzstephen to the quick, but then his heart was too full of sorrow and remorse to have room for anger, and his only feeling was one of thankfulness that his mother and Charlotte were gone home before it was uttered. For himself, family pride and all personal considerations were swallowed up for the time in the sense of Maureen's danger. As he hung over her motionless and senseless form, and thought of the love that had prompted her heroic act, as unconsciously revealed in the few half-uttered words she had spoken to him after receiving her wound, and as memory brought back the girlish art with which she had so modestly concealed that love, he felt that the possession of such a heart was more precious to him than silver or gold or all the ships that ever sailed the Spanish seas freighted with the wealth of his fathers. The thought that she might die was too horrible to be dwelt upon, and he resolutely kept it away from him. Inexpressible, then, were his joy and gratitude when the doctor whom he had himself sent for an old friend of his family, after examining her wound declared that there was no danger of her life although her recovery might be tedious.

"Even so," said Fitzstephen joyfully, "provided it be certain, it is all right. Show your skill now, if ever, doctor!" he added in an under tone, "for my happiness depends on her recovery."

"*Your* happiness!" repeated the doctor in the same tone, "surely you jest, my dear sir!"

"Upon my honor, I do not!—I never was more in earnest—if that girl lives she shall be my wife!"

"Well! I confess," said the doctor, "she is fit to be any man's wife as far as beauty goes, but still—*chacun a son gout*,"† and the worthy gentleman shrugged his shoulders as he looked round on the kindred of the intended bride. By this time Maureen had regained her senses and a bright flush suffused her wan cheek as she saw Fitzstephen still by her side. And there he remained most of the evening to the great surprise of Vara, who confessed to Noddy Kinshela when at nightfall she met her at the door coming in, that, after all, there was more feeling in the quality than she thought there was. "Now there's Mr. Fitzstephen within," said she, pointing back over her shoulder, "an' I declare if Maureen was his own sister, in a manner, he couldn't have more feelin' for her."

"I'll go bail he couldn't," said Noddy, with emphasis, "and he wouldn't be the man I take him for if his heart and soul wasn't in her. Stand a one side, avourneen, till I get sight of her—ochone! the beauty of the world she was, isn't it pale and washy she is now! But still an' all, ma colleen dhas! it's well you're in it, at all!—God save your honor!" and she dropped a curtsey to Mr. Fitzstephen.

Noddy's appearance gave general satisfaction to Maureen, who motioned for her to sit down on the bed-foot. The old woman complied, after turning aside to wipe away her tears. She saw that Maureen was both weak and feverish, and she motioned to Mr. Fitzstephen that it was best for him to retire. Unwillingly he complied, but he saw that his presence in reality only agitated the poor patient, and he made it a duty to leave her.

"Noddy!" said he, I am going now, and I give Maureen in charge to you. See that she does not talk too much during the night!" That grave sweet smile of his was full of meaning, and Noddy smiled, too, as she replied:

"Never fear, sir, never fear! we'll keep it all for another time!"

This implied preference roused Vara's ire: "Wisha, then, Mister Fitzstephen, do you think there's nobody here but *her* fit to mind the *gersha*? I'd have you to know that there's people to the fore that's sent for far an' near when there's sickness or anything that way! Give her in charge to Noddy Kinshela, inagh, our own colleen dhu.

A few kind words of explanation from Fitzstephen, however, served to soothe the professional jealousy of the old woman, and this done he bent down and whispered "good night" to Maureen. The girl's eyes filled with tears as she held out her hand. Fitzstephen held it for a moment, while his lips moved as if in prayer.

"Here is something in exchange for your cross, Maureen!" said he, and he laid one hand gently on her forehead, while the other continued to hold hers, "my gift has a meaning which you will, I hope, understand, or if not—your friend here will explain it!—once more 'good night,' and keep as quiet as you can."

Randal and his sons, grateful for his attention to Maureen, although it was nothing more than she deserved from him, insisted on seeing him home. When they were gone, Maureen held up her right hand and on its fore-finger sparkled a jewelled ring. Her own lustrous eyes rivalled its brightness as she glanced at Noddy.

Vara looked at the precious bauble with the eye of a *connoisseur*, then turned away with a grunt of doubtful meaning. "It's a purty ring" said she, "but it's not worth a drop of Maureen's blood."

"And sure Mr. Fitzstephen knows that well," said Noddy, with glistening eyes, "and that's the reason why he gave her *a ring* instead of anything else."

Vara looked at her with eyes of wonder. "Ah then, Noddy! isn't it a shame for you that's a sensible woman to be evenin' such foolish things to the girl!"

"Well! time will tell," said Noddy with a sagacious nod, "but I'll wager my ould red cloak agin your new blue one, that *that* very ring is the luckiest gift ever the child got. Don't you mind the dream you were tellin' me onst about your own ring how it wouldn't fit Maureen? But whist! whist!" she quickly added in an under tone, noticing the increasing flush on Maureen's cheek and the fiery lustre of her eyes, "not another word about it now. Go to sleep, darlin', an' your granny an' me 'ill sit by you. You're in need of rest, avourneen!"

When the girl's eyes did at length close in a feverish slumber, the two old women made themselves comfortable by the blazing hearth over that social cup of tea which they both loved so well. Vara spoke feelingly and with many tears of the death of Brian Kineely whom she had loved as a son and always "laid out for Maureen."

"An' och! och! if he hadn't been taken away so suddenly, without priest or prayer," she added, "I wouldn't think so bad of it. It's the only comfort we have that he never neglected his duty, poor fellow!"

"Do you know what, Vara!" said Noddy in her solemn way, "I'm thinkin' it was a great blessin' he didn't live to see that ring on Maureen's finger."

"Well, maybe so, avourneen! maybe so! God is good, an' does everything for the best, but still an' all, I'm heart sorry for him to die the way he did, an' I know it'll be a sore crush to Maureen when she comes to hear of it! I'm sure and certain she thought more of him than she let on!"

"Don't think any such thing, then, aroon!" said Noddy, "she liked him, I know myself, but not well enough to be his wife. Somehow I never could bring myself to think that she'd marry any one hereabouts. I got notions in my head about her that I couldn't any ways account for, an' now you see it was a foresight I had all along."

"Well, it's quare sure enough," said Vara, "an' I suppose people 'ill be sayin' we've the best of good luck, but it's not *my* notion. I want to have nothin' to do with the quality—let *them* keep their place an' us ours. Still an' all——"

"Still an' all," said Noddy with a smile, "you'll not be sorry to see our *colleen dhas* a lady, drest out in silks an' satins, an' ridin' in her own coach, with sarvints to wait upon her, an' everything fine and grand."

"Nonsense, woman!" said Vara with more than her usual sharpness, "I'd rather see her trudgin' on shank's mare, an' drest as her mother was before her—she'll never be the same to us after it, but God's will be done!" she added with edifying resignation.

Noddy was amused and yet somewhat nettled by Vara's contempt of honors and riches, but she knew by experience that there was no such thing as reasoning the old queen-mother out of her whims, so she all at once discovered, or pretended to discover, that Maureen was stirring, and so put an end to a discussion which might soon become rather hot for her liking under present circumstances.

When Randal and the boys came back, Vara said she would go over to the wake, "for," said she, "Maureen is not so bad as to need more than one or two sittin' up with her, an' besides it's Noddy that has her in care." This proposal was willingly agreed to, and as the young men were going, all three started off in company, leaving the Admiral and Noddy to mind Maureen.

When once out of their father's hearing, Barney and Yeman both gave expression to a feeling of anger against Fitzstephen, whom they considered as the unlucky cause of Brian's death, Shan's disgrace, and Maureen's mishap. The only thing that saved him from their revenge was his love for Maureen, and hers for him. "If it wasn't for that," said Barney, "I'll go bail we'd soon bring his nobles to nine pence. Not but I'd sooner see her married to Shan Driscoll, but still an' all, if she has a likin' for him, an' him for her, I'd sooner cut off my right hand than do him hurt or harm—on *her* account."

A fortnight from that night had only passed when Maureen was able to walk abroad, and it was only then that she was told of Brian Kineely's death. Her grief was so excessive, that those who loved her had cause to repent of having told her even then, for she was still far from being quite recovered. It was well for them that they had entrusted the sad tidings

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* James Lynch Fitzstephen whose hapless story is familiar to many of our readers. While Mayor of Galway, he was obliged to hang his own and only son who had committed a cruel and treacherous murder. The stern father, who has been justly called the Irish Brutus, unable to find any one who would execute the sentence of the law on his unhappy son, who was much beloved by the populace, was under the dread necessity of doing it himself.

† Quoting a French proverb, which means, "every man to his taste."

to Father Dominick, for nothing less than his pious exhortations could have reconciled her to life. She had loved Brian as a very dear brother, and his loss would, at any time, have grieved her to the heart, but now she accused herself, and not unjustly, of being accessory to his death. At first she refused all consolation, and said she would henceforward devote her life to the care of poor old More.

"Well! child," said the priest, "I have no objection to that—you may marry old More instead of Mr. Fitzstephen, if you like—that is, if you think you cannot otherwise discharge your duty to her." There was a sly smile on the placid face of the worthy pastor that did not escape Maureen, and, with all her sorrow, she could not help smiling too. But Randal, who was also present, soon settled the matter.

"Now don't be botherin' us, Maureen honey," said he half kindly, half gruffly, "with your odd notions. Sure Vara and myself are goin' to take More home, an' keep her as long as God leaves her with us. Mind your own business, achorra, an' leave More to us."

This was satisfactory even to Maureen, and helped considerably to lighten the load of her affliction. A week or so after when she thought herself able to venture so far, she stole up, one clear frosty evening, to visit Brian's grave, taking Nanno with her to show her the spot where he was laid. She need not have done so, for one of the first objects that met her eye on entering the churchyard was a pretty headstone inscribed in the Irish language with the name of Brian Kineely, his age and the date of his death, together with the usual prayer for the repose of his soul. There were not many such in the cemetery, and Maureen in great surprise asked Nanno who it was that had it erected.

"Wisha, then, who would it be but the gentleman—he got it put up the week after poor Brian's death, an' everybody says it was very good of him to do it. But look here, Maureen! see the nice little bush that Shan Driscoll planted at the foot—there's no flowers on it now, but Shan says there'll be plenty on it in the summer when he'll be ever so far away."

The mention of a name once so familiar, but for weeks long studiously kept from her ear, awoke some thrilling memories in Maureen's heart, and she was softened to tears by this new trait of more than womanly tenderness in one so wild and reckless. Many a strange and undefinable emotion stirred her heart and made her pulses throb as she knelt by the grave of him who had loved her even unto death, for that he had died for her she was fully sensible. Prayers long and fervent ascended from her breast to the throne of mercy on his behalf, and there she might have knelt for hours had not a cry from Nanno made her start, and raising her eyes she saw Shan Driscoll standing motionless before her on the opposite side of the grave, his face was pale and sad, and the tears were in his eyes as he gazed on the altered lineaments of her who had been the innocent cause of all his misery. Starting to her feet the pale girl almost involuntarily extended her hand and Shan took it but without any of his former fervor. His proud spirit was evidently crushed and subdued. The eyes of the two met, and then both glanced downwards on the brown heap between them.

"You're a happy man, Brian Kineely!" said Shan mournfully, "and I wish I was in your place this day to have Maureen kneelin' at my grave. *You're* at rest, poor fellow! but *I'm* not—an' God knows when I will be."

"Shan dear, don't be talkin' that way, an' lookin' so sorrowful, or you'll break my heart," said Maureen with touching earnestness.

"No fear of that, Maureen!" replied Shan very softly, "*my* sorrow sits light on *you*. It's thankful I am, anyhow, to meet you here, for I couldn't meet you anywhere else. Don't take away your hand, Maureen! let me keep it as long as we're together, and that won't be long. It's a fittin' place for me to bid you a long farewell, with Brian Kineely's grave between us, an' no one listenin' but the dead—if *they* can hear!" Little Nanno had wandered away amongst the graves lilting a wild and wailing air which came fitfully on the breeze to the young man and maiden who stood with their right hands locked in each other across the sepulchral heap.

"Maureen!" said Shan, "they tell me you're goin' to be a lady—tell me one thing—is it for that you're marrying?"

"Oh, Shan! how can you ask me such a question!" said Maureen passionately, "do you think the riches of the world would buy my heart, or that I'd marry a being if I didn't love him?"

"Then you do love Mr. Fitzstephen?"

Maureen did not answer, but her downcast eye and the tell-tale blush on her cheek were more than sufficient to extinguish the last gleam of hope which might have been lingering in Shan Driscoll's heart.

"Maureen!" said he with a heavy sigh, and in a still lower voice than before, "Maureen! do you forgive me for bein' the cause of that wound you got?"

"From my heart I do, Shan! an' I hope you'll never say a word more about it—for the time to come we'll be like brother an' sister!"

A wild, bitter laugh was Shan's answer, and a flash of the old fire shot from his eyes. Maureen involuntarily shrank from his impassioned gaze and the sudden pressure of his hand on hers. On this he laughed again, but his look softened into sadness and the tears rushed to his eyes!

"So you're afeard of me, Maureen!—well, that same's hard enough—God knows whether any one will ever love you as I do—but still an' all, maybe you're right. I couldn't look at you very long an' keep my senses, so, after you're—" he paused, gasped for breath, and a deadly paleness overspread his fine manly features, "when you're—gone from here, I'll be gone, too. I couldn't live where I'd be in danger of seein' you—the wife of another!" The last words he uttered with desperate energy, as though resolved to get them out at any cost. Just then the gate was heard to open, and Shan's quick eye caught the advancing form of Fitzstephen through the twilight gloom, Wringing Maureen's hand with convulsive energy, he said in a voice that was barely audible:

"Here he comes, Maureen! the happiest man on earth—he's comin' to look for his darlin'—oh Maureen! Maureen! pity me this night—but don't—don't—I never wanted your pity, an' I'll not have it now—forget me—that's all I ask!"

He was gone before Maureen could speak a word, and when Fitzstephen's well-known voice calling her made her heart thrill with pleasure, she was still unable to answer. But he saw her as she stood and his supporting arm was instantly around her. Tenderly chiding her imprudence in being out so late and she still so feeble, he was hurrying her away from that melancholy scene, but she told him little Nanno was somewhere in the churchyard. Fitzstephen called several times before the tiny bulk was seen creeping among the graves, and when they all left the churchyard she went on ahead down the road, croning still the dirge-like song.

"What a strange child that is, Maureen!" observed Fitzstephen when he had wrapped Maureen in her heavy cloak, "and still there's something about her that makes me like her!"

"I'm glad to hear it, sir——"

"Sir!" said Fitzstephen reproachfully, "is there still such a distance between us——"

"Well, somehow, I can't forget the distance!"

"Unkind that you are—I can hardly tell you how long it is since I forgot it—but why are you so glad that I have a liking for Nanno?"

"Because—oh! just because I like her myself—but how did you find me out up there?"

"Why, as soon as I came and found that you were out, I inquired, of course, which way you had gone, and I partly suspected what you were about. How do you like the head-stone?"

"How do I like it!—oh! Mr. Fitzstephen, you don't know how thankful I am to you for puttin' it up!—God reward you for all your goodness."

"And you'll reward me too, will you not?" said Fitzstephen softly.

"If it's in my power—but did you meet poor Shan?"

"No, where was he?"

Maureen said she had met him at Brian's grave, and gave a touching account of his altered bearing during the recent interview.

"I hope you're not sorry for giving him up," said Fitzstephen in a tremulous voice.

"Sorry!" repeated the girl passionately, "you know well I'm not sorry for givin' him up, but I'm sorry to see him take it so much to heart."

The exquisite tenderness of her tone made Fitzstephen's heart thrill, and it was some moments before he spoke again. "I'm sorry for him, too, Maureen!" he said at length, "very, very sorry, for no one knows so well as I the value of what he has lost."

They had now reached the Admiral's house where they found Mrs. Behan and Charlotte who had just driven out to see Maureen. It was strange to see the members of such a family—so proud of their lineage, still more than their position—lavishing the kindest attention on the young Claddagh girl who was so soon to be one of themselves. But the whole city was full of Maureen's praise—her heroic devotion to Fitzstephen was in every one's mouth, and the voice of public opinion levelled the distance between the strangely-mated pair. This, certainly, had its weight with the whole family, but Mrs. Fitzstephen and Charlotte were influenced by the still higher motive of gratitude, and rightly considered with Fitzstephen himself that Maureen had dearly purchased his heart and hand. As for Margaret, she was inclined to laugh at the whole affair, her notions of the family dignity being much less strict than those of any other member of the family. It might be, too, that she had other reasons (which she chose to keep to herself) for giving Maureen a gracious reception. Still the ladies felt anything but comfortable in the society of Maureen's family, and their visit was, therefore, a short one.

CONCLUSION.

"Maureen!" said Fitzstephen when they were about to leave the house, "where did that queer child hide herself a while ago? She disappeared soon after we left the churchyard?"

Maureen smiled, and said no one minded where Nanno went. "She likes to come and go without any one heedin' her, an' I think she's out at all hours of the night—she loves lonesome places, and creeps about like a spirit through the dark silent night."

"There's something strange about that child," said Fitzstephen musingly, "did you ever see her?" addressing his sisters.

Neither of them had, at least they did not remember, whereupon Maureen reminded them of the Sunday on which they came to Mass to the friary chapel. Charlotte began then to have a faint recollection of the singular child, but Margaret's memory failed her completely. Still she had a curiosity to see the child, and nothing would serve her but some one should be sent to show her Shan Driscoll's domicile that she might get a sight of the little creature whose strange ways and winning gentleness were the theme of many a tongue about the Claddagh.

"You'll come with me, Giles," she said to her brother, "and Maureen will show us the way."

"She shall do no such thing, Margaret," said Fitzstephen, nettled at the cavalier way in which she spoke of his intended bride. "She has been but too much exposed to the night air already this evening. However, I can be your guide as I happen to know Shan's house."

"Why, then, surely you won't go in there," said Maureen turning pale as she remembered the fetch which had glided between her and Shan, "I think you must be forgettin' what's past," she added in a low beseeching tone.

"Well, I confess I *was* forgetting," said Fitzstephen fixing his eyes thoughtfully on the beautiful face that was overshadowed with fear at the bare possibility of danger to him.

"Perhaps it is as well for Barney or Yeman to go, and you, Charlotte, can go too—although I confess I don't understand this whim of yours."

"I don't want you to understand it," said Margaret playfully, "but come with me you must and shall. What is it you're afraid of may I ask?"

"Mr. Fitzstephen," said Barney, "there's no danger of your findin' Shan within, for I saw him goin' down past the Fair Green there awhile ago, an' I'll go bail he'll wander along shore till all hours of the night. It's a fashion he has these times."

This decided the matter, and Fitzstephen with his two sisters left the cottage. Maureen made a sign to Mrs. Behan and whispered to her as she lingered on the threshold behind the others: "What are you about, ma'am?"

"I'm going to tell him all—he knows part of it, an' I couldn't keep the secret much longer do as I would—even what I did tell eased my mind, and I find it wasn't so hard to do as I thought." Then raising her voice she said:

"Good night, pretty one! I hope you're not angry with me for robbing you of such good company?" Maureen only smiled and whispered: "God speed you—I'm glad you're going to do it at last—better late than never."

It was something altogether unaccountable that the vain and selfish young widow, the affianced bride of Captain Hamilton, should so far forget her ancient and honored lineage as to smile on the humble maiden whom her stately brother was about to introduce into their family. And yet it was not so very strange, all things considered, for Margaret had never been remarkable for family pride. On the contrary, she had always laughed at her brother and sister for that loftiness of manner which she, in mirthful mood, used to call "the Fitzstephen airs." Had Hamilton been disposed to find fault with his brother-in-law elect for the ultra-plebeian match he was going to make, it would have altered Margaret's views considerably, but it so happened that the Captain, on the contrary, entirely approved of Fitzstephen's conduct in regard to Maureen, and had repeatedly told Margaret that no man of spirit would or could act otherwise. Far in the depth of Margaret Behan's heart there was another feeling that still more efficaciously pleaded for Maureen. Mrs. Fitzstephen and Charlotte were far more averse to the step Giles was taking, but with them gratitude for his preservation mastered all other feelings, and they were fain to persuade themselves that the singular alliance about to take place would leave no permanent stain on their escutcheon, inasmuch as it was a debt of gratitude lawfully due by the present head of the family.

Just as Fitzstephen and his sisters were leaving Randal's cottage, intending to have the carriage remain there till their return, who should come up but Aileen Rhua, asking at the door, in her cracked, wheezing voice, if the child was there.

"Wisha, then, she's not, Aileen," said Vara from within, whereupon the old woman became alarmed, and Maureen tried in vain to pacify her, reminding her of how many times the little girl had been out much later than that.

"I know that," said Aileen, "to be sure I know it, but there's something tellin' me new that I'm not to have her long—boys! dear! woh't you go an' look for her—maybe it's away to the rath she's taken—I'm sure them thievin' fairies!—Christ save us! what am I sayin'—I mean the good people, an' that's what they are, dear knows!—but I'm sure they have an eye on my weany darlin'."

Although no one shared the old woman's fears, yet in order to relieve her anxiety, Randal and his sons hurried away in different directions to seek the child. The Fitzstephens, finding how matters stood, had returned into the house, and Margaret, taking Maureen apart from the others, asked if she really thought any harm had befallen the child.

"Why, then, didn't I tell you, ma'am!" said Maureen, "that she has a fashion of ramblin' about in dark lonesome places—don't be uneasy—see they're all watchin' you."

"Oh Maureen! if anything did happen her now of all times when I had my mind made up——"

"Never fear, ma'am! never fear—put your trust in God, an' you'll see she'll be here safe and sound in no time."

Aileen was sitting on a creepy stool near the fire, with her eyes fixed on the flickering blaze, her hands clasped on her knees, and she muttering to herself in a low, wailing tone, while her plaintive moans made one's heart ache to hear them. A dreary, woe-begone picture she was of desolate old age in its feeble dotage, and Fitzstephen was moved even to tears as he looked on her.

"God help her!" said he to Vara, "how her heart is wrapped up in that helpless creature."

"Well! it's wonderful sure enough, sir," returned Vara, "espaycially as she's not a drop's blood to her."

"Not a drop's blood to her!" he repeated in surprise, "why, I thought she was her grandchild."

"She's not, then——"

"And, my God! who is she?"

"Oh! Nanno! Nanno!" moaned the half-conscious Aileen, "I know they'll take you from me—an' sure you're all I have, an' it's hard of them to do it when God sent you to me the way he did!"

"Who is the child?" repeated Fitzstephen, but Vara had got a sign from Maureen that closed her mouth. Mrs. Behan in great agitation, now pale now red, was still endeavoring to appear composed, and the effort was more than she could bear. This Maureen saw and she whispered softly: "Come into my little room, ma'am dear, and lie down a minute."

They went in accordingly, but they had hardly entered the room when a joyful exclamation from Maureen drew the others all after them, and there on Maureen's bed lay Nanno Kenny fast asleep. The child had stolen in

unobserved and lay down as she had once or twice done before of an evening.

"Thank God!" murmured Margaret, but that was all she could say, while old Aileen falling on her knees beside the bed sobbed, and cried, and laughed by turns. Maureen bent down and kissed the pretty, although worn little face of the sleeping child.

"Well! I'm really glad to see her safe," said Fitzstephen laughing, "but I cannot at all understand how deeply some of you were affected by the temporary disappearance of the little creature." His eye was on Margaret as he spoke, and Charlotte, too, fixed a scrutinizing glance on her sister's agitated countenance.

"She was all I had," whimpered Aileen, "couldn't you leave her to me as God sent her!"

"Don't be botherin' us with your foolery," cried Vara as she seized the old woman by the shoulder, "come out to the kitchen an' let her take her sleep."

Maureen went over to Margaret and throwing her arm round her neck whispered something in her ear, whereupon the young widow stood up, and saying, "I'll do it, Maureen! with God's help—I deserve blame—and shame, too—Giles! Charlotte don't look at me so. I can't bear those piercing eyes—*don't* look at me, if you want to hear——"

She stopped, approached the bed leaning on Maureen's arm, and when close beside the sleeping child she paused, drew a long breath, glanced side-ways at her brother, then slowly articulated:

"*Here lies the body of Charlotte Ellen Behan* snatched by Shan Driscoll from a watery grave!" Mysterious as these words were they were very intelligible to Fitzstephen who had for the last half hour been partly prepared for such a revelation. Charlotte, on the contrary, having no previous acquaintance with the occult portion of her sister's history, was altogether confounded and amazed.

"Merciful Goodness!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean?—are not those the very words inscribed on poor Chatty's tomb!"

Margaret could not answer. The extraordinary effort she had made exhausted both her strength and courage, and, burying her face in her hands, she sank on her knees, murmuring: "Tell her you, Giles!—but not now!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Aileen hoarsely, as Vara almost carried her out of the little room, "it's hard for them to part me and Nanno!"

That was a strange and startling revelation to the Fitzstephen family, and yet it was far from being unwelcome, for the spiritual character and the loving heart of the helpless child more than made amends for the deformity which had gradually come upon her in the long and painful sickness which had followed her immersion in the water. It was thought, too, that she might have been dashed by the waves against the boat-side when washed overboard. However that might be, little Chatty's infirmity made her only the dearer and more welcome to the family, and in proportion to their compassionate tenderness for her was their secret indignation against the unfeeling parent who, in her selfish fear of being disgraced, had so long neglected her, even after she had discovered her escape. Still they abstained from reproaching her who was already sufficiently humbled. Her great trouble was that for some time, at least, Captain Hamilton should be kept in ignorance of her culpable conduct. To this, however, neither Giles nor his mother would for a moment consent, and the former made it his business to lay the whole matter before the Captain. Fortunately his love was proof against the report of what he considered youthful indiscretion, and, although he was in his heart no little disappointed to find that his pretty Margaret had ever been capable of such criminal levity, still his honor was plighted and his love was strong enough, as I have said, to make him overlook what, at worst, was only folly.

Chatty was, for some days, like one in a dream, and received the caresses of the ladies and Mr. Fitzstephen with a timid, doubting air, that was not all shyness. When they were gone she would say to Maureen that she supposed it was like one of the dreams she used to have long, long ago. It was with difficulty that Maureen could get her persuaded that what she looked back on as dreams were really faint remembrances of her infant life in Arranmore. It was long before even her mother could get her to speak freely in her presence. Indeed her grandmother was the first of the family who gained her confidence, and many a time Margaret chose to leave the room in a pout when the child, regretting her advances, took shelter with her mother and eyed her askance as one to be carefully avoided. But sober reflection always brought the conviction that the child had never had much cause to love her, and that her instinctive coldness was but the natural penalty of her heartless neglect.

When they came to remove Chatty from her aged friend, they found it impossible to separate them. Leave Aileen the child would not, and neither would the old woman leave the Claddagh. Threats and persuasions were alike useless, for, with the obstinacy of confirmed idiotcy, she clung to her own fancies. Shan Driscoll, too, protested vehemently against her being taken from him, and on hearing this, Maureen joined in requesting that Chatty might be left with Aileen for the little time she had to live. This proposition was very agreeable to Margaret who was, after all, well pleased to have the child out of Hamilton's sight as long as possible—at least till the honeymoon was past and gone.

When, at length, the day arrived that saw Maureen Dhu the bride of Fitzstephen, it was not before the altar in her own chapel that the pride of the Claddagh was united to him who had so long, unknown to herself, held the thread of her destiny. Fearing some outbreak on the part of poor Shan Driscoll, and anxious to spare his feelings as far as possible, Maureen requested that the ceremony might take place somewhere out of his vicinity. By a singular fancy on the part of Fitzstephen, it was in the chapel on Arran of the Saints that they were married with the consent of their respective pastors. Mrs. Fitzstephen was not present but her daughters were, and the bride elect was conveyed to the island by her father and brothers in the pretty Nora Creina, jauntily adorned for the occasion. And Vara was there, too, and when the bridegroom produced the ring, she snatched it from him, and handed him the heavy old-fashioned one which had done hymeneal duty in the family for more generations than Vara could count.

"To the sorra with your new-fangled bits o' jewelry," said she, "do you think we'd let you put any other wedding-ring on Maureen than the one that belongs to the family. Come now, Mr. Fitzstephen! none o' your black looks! if you don't like our ring you may go elsewhere for a wife—an' welcome too!"

This, of course, settled the matter, and the marriage went on without further interruption. By another obstinate whim of Vara's, Maureen was married in the approved Claddagh costume, yet her beauty was none the less conspicuous, and Fitzstephen himself was forced to admit that however annoying was the old woman's perverse fancy, no dress could have been chosen more admirably adapted to show off the face and form of his youthful bride whom Murillo or Velasquez would have chosen for a model of Spanish grace and beauty.

The Admiral's boat returned to the Claddagh without Maureen, and Vara cried the whole way back, nor were Randal's eyes dry, for, as they all agreed, "such a marriage as that was next to death, and Maureen was as good as lost to them. Sure I always tould you, Randal honey," said the old woman, "that no good would come of strangers hangin' that way about the Claddagh!—ochone! may the Lord rest your sowl, poor Brian Kineely! it's thankful I am that you didn't live to see this day!—as for Shan, he'll soon get over his trouble—his love was too hot to last long."

Vara's penetration was here entirely at fault. She little knew that his love for Maureen was entwined with the cords of his heart, and could only be torn thence when the cords were rent asunder and the heart ceased to beat.

When Fitzstephen presented his young wife to his mother a week after their marriage, Mrs. Fitzstephen received her kindly, and murmured as she kissed her cheek: "Now at least we have repaid Juan's debt to your family!—you thought me ungrateful, my child, but my ingratitude was only on the surface—*you* saved my son's life—your grandmother and her people saved another hardly less dear——"

"And there is still another debt, mother!" said Margaret coming forward, "you must not forget Maureen's tender care of my poor neglected Chatty!"

"Never mind," said Fitzstephen as he led Maureen to a seat, "never mind counting her claims on us—we are willing to pay her all we owe! From my heart I thank you, mother! and you, too, my sisters! and Maureen shall thank you, too," he added with a smile, "when she learns to speak good English. We have much to teach her and she will be an apt scholar—will you not, Maureen?" he asked in her own language.

"Yes," she replied, "if *you* will be my master," and she looked up with so bright a smile that Fitzstephen had he not loved her before must have loved her then.

At this moment the door opened and in walked Noddy Kinshela with the easiest and most confident air imaginable like one who was very sure of a welcome. Maureen ran to shake hands with her old friend, who, after exchanging a kind greeting with the others, placed herself in front of the young bride and examined her costume with the closest attention to the great amusement of all present.

"Well! glory be to God, ma colleen dhas you were!" said she, "sure enough dress does make all the difference in the world. Dear knows! I don't wonder at your good luck." Then turning to Mrs. Fitzstephen she said: "On account of your goodness to my colleen dhas here, Mrs. Fitzstephen! I'm goin' to tell you something that'll make your heart glad. I often tould you I had a secret for you that would be better to you than gold or silver."

"My God! Noddy," cried the lady in evident perturbation, "what is it?—anything about——"

"About Master Juan!—to be sure it is, dear—about himself an' no other. I suppose I may say it out here." Mrs. Fitzstephen nodded assent, and the old woman went on: "Do you know what took the Senor away from you that night that you seen him last?—I know you don't, so I'll tell you. Your father, God rest him! went to him in his room, and got in a terrible passion, and told him that you'd never marry any one if you didn't marry Mr. Fitzstephen, an', says he, if you dare to presume to marry her again my will, both you and she shall have my curse day and night, and a word I'll never speak to either of you, and a shilling of my money you'll never handle. The poor young gentleman told him he didn't care about his money, but he wouldn't for the world draw down a father's curse on Ellie, and if he'd only let him bid you farewell he'd not sail next day for Spain. But you know the dreadful passion that was in your father, Miss ——I mean, ma'am! and so he got as white as a sheet with the dint of anger, an' he said no, that he couldn't or wouldn't allow it, but that if Juan wanted to save you from bein' turned out of doors with a father's curse he would leave the city that very night, and swear never to let you know anything about the way it happened."

"Merciful Heaven! and he did so, Noddy?"

"Did so! to be sure he did—what else *could* he do? next day, you remember, he was gone, and nobody ever knew what became of him only myself."

"But, Noddy! Noddy! why did you not tell me all this when you saw me oppressed with sorrow and the most horrible fears as to what had become of Juan?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, ma'am! I was so terrified myself at what I seen that night that I was afeard of my life to tell any one what I had overheard, for fear it would come to your father's ears—since your father's death I was always puttin' it off from one time to another, I can hardly tell you why. But there's another thing, ma'am, that I want to tell you. I seen Master Juan with my own eyes when he was here last. For years an' years I thought it was his fetch or his ghost, maybe, that raised the latch an' came in on the flure to me one moonlight night when I was lyin' between sleepin' and wakin'. He came over and stood beside the bed, and took a long, long look at myself, an' then he gave a great sigh, an' turned away, an' walked all round my little place, an' all about the coort outside, an' then he came in an' looked at me again, but sure the life an' sowl were near frightened out of myself, because I took him for a sperit, an' I couldn't open my lips at the time or move my tongue if I got all Ireland for it. So at last he went away, an' to my dyin' hour I'll never forget the sorrowful look he had, or the heavy sigh he gave as he left the place. An' me lookin' at him all the time, an' hadn't power, you see, to speak to him! Many a long year after, when I found out from Vara Halliday how the Spaniards were saved an' this grand gentleman espaycially, and how he had been askin' for me, an' where I lived, an' everything like that, I knew it was no sperit I had seen but Master Juan's body and bones."

After hearing all this, Mrs. Fitzstephen retired to her own room and did not appear again till evening, when her face was as calm as usual, but ashy pale.

From that day forward Noddy Kinshela was never suffered to ask charity on the streets of Galway. She was regularly installed as a life-member of the Fitzstephen household to the great delight of Maureen, and also of her mother-in-law, who spent many a sadly-pleasant hour retracing with her the memories of by-gone days.

When St. John's Day came round again and the Claddagh men marched through Galway, town, Fitzstephen again stood in the balcony, but the Admiral's daughter leaned on his arm attired with the elegant simplicity which became her dignified position as the wife of one of the first merchants in the city. Loud and long were the cheers that rose from the multitude as the Admiral stopped in front of the balcony, and it would be hard to describe the feelings with which the father and daughter regarded each other. As Maureen gracefully bent her head to the reiterated cheers of the fishermen, the eloquent blush and the beaming smile with which she looked on them plainly showed that the wife of Fitzstephen was still in heart the Admiral's daughter, in feeling identified with the bold and brave fishermen amongst whom she had grown to womanhood. But a deep shadow fell on her beautiful face, and the tears rushed to her eyes as she thought of Brian Kineely mouldering in the grave, and the dashing, light-hearted, hot-headed Shan Driscoll far away and alone amongst the sea-beaten rocks of the Clare coast. The feeling was understood and appreciated by the Claddagh men, and they whispered to each other in a sorrowful tone the once-familiar names of the hapless rivals who had so long striven in vain for Maureen's love. Many of the by-standers caught up the mournful sounds, and repeated the names with audible comments. Even those who had led on the city-mob on that day twelve months against the Claddagh-men were now loud in their lament for the missing champions, and the stout blacksmith who had dealt such heavy blows on that luckless night was heard to say with the tears in his eyes:

"Poor Brian Kineely! sound is your sleep this day! God rest your sowl in peace!—and sure it's lonesome they look without Shan Driscoll—the bravest heart and the stoutest arm that ever reefed sail on Galway Bay!"

The following months of that summer were spent by Fitzstephen and his bride on Arranmore Island, and there in the seclusion of their home on the rocky shore, Maureen, under her husband's tuition, began her acquaintance with the mysteries of nature and the works of art. Surrounded by the desolate grandeur of that wild and remote region, she learned to read the history of her country in the mouldering monuments so profusely scattered around her, from the Cyclopean walls of the pagan fort to the elaborate finish of the Gothic arches and columns, fragments of mediæval churches and abbeys.

Margaret Behan had during the summer become the wife of Captain Hamilton and was gone with him to Malta. Mrs. Fitzstephen would not hear of keeping house alone with Charlotte, and her son and daughter-in-law were pleased to make part of her household. Nor was it long before Chatty took her place amongst them—her mother being written to on the subject, expressed herself quite willing to leave her there—"for the present," she said, but every one knew that that meant *in perpetuo*. Poor old Aileen had at last gone the way of all flesh, and Shan Driscoll left the village as already intimated.

The rage and mortification of the Hamptons may well be imagined when they saw Maureen O'Hara raised to the position so much desired, and so anxiously sought for Emily. And Noddy Kinshela took good care that their disappointment should not be forgotten by them, for, however she managed it, she very often happened to be in a shop where the Hampton ladies were showing off, and although she could well have carried home her purchases, she made it a point to order them, in an ostentatiously loud voice, "for Mrs. Giles Fitzstephen," glancing maliciously at the same time at the still imperious though chop-fallen Hamptons.

When the herring-fishery came round again, some twenty or thirty of the principal Claddagh men, including the Admiral and his sons, took to trawling, and their ancient prejudices once overcome, so much more advantageous did they find the system, that in the course of a year or two nearly all the hookers had become trawlers, to the unbounded satisfaction of Fitzstephen. So entire was the change in this respect and so completely had the old system fallen into disuse that a modern ballad makes one of the Claddagh men sing:

"I'm a Claddagh boatman bold,
And humble is my calling,
From morn to night, from dark to light,
In Galway Bay I'm trawling."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. Hugh C. Clarke, Rosemary street, sold the "estate, right, title, and interest in the house, shop, slaughtering-house, and stores," in Corn market, Belfast, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Gaffikin, to Mr. Andrew Munce, Lisburn, at the high figure of £1,000. The property in question is well known to many of our readers, and shows the value of business premises in a desirable situation in Belfast. It is held under two leases—one for 31 years, from 1st May, 1840, at the yearly rent of £32 10s.; and the second, dated same period, for 33 years, at rent of £15 per annum.—*Mercury.*

The barque Christiana of Dublin, bound for Waterford for Morecambe, put into the Lough, on Friday, in a leaky condition, after having been at sea twenty-one days. This vessel was formerly registered as belonging to Belfast, and was at one time considered a crack ship. She will be overhauled at this port.—*Northern Whig.*

A number of the friends of Mr. Francis Davis, the "Belfastman," entertained him at supper in Mr. Charles Thompson's, Donegall place, as a small tribute of their esteem and regard, previous to his leaving town for the benefit of his health.—*Belfast paper.*

Armagh.

In consequence of the absurd rumor that Lord Ross had predicted an unusually hot and dry summer, the flax trade has been seriously affected. Farmers have made up their minds to sow less flaxseed than they would otherwise have done, and, it appears, persist in that determination, notwithstanding the contradiction given by his lordship to the indiscreet rumor.—*Guardian.*

Carlow.

We regret to announce the death of our venerable countryman, Mr. James Nolan, of Knockindrane, parish of Myshall, in this county, who attained the age of 116 years, and who truly might be designated the Irish Patriarch, being born—according to the most unquestionable evidence—on the 4th of March, 1742. The deceased, who was a tenant on the estate of the Earl of Bessborough, was born on the townland on which he died; and although in comfortable circumstances, and many of his kinsmen growing up around him in comparative opulence, nothing could induce him to enlarge his farm residence, or to erect one more suitable to the requirements of the age in which he lived. In personal appearance he was most commanding, with good features, and fully six feet in stature. He was a man simple in his habits, moderate in his diet, and exceedingly temperate. His custom was, from an early period of his life, to bathe his head in cold water every morning throughout the year. His memory was very strong and tenacious; and his narrative of the many events that occurred within his recollection, during a period of a century, was clear, precise and accurate. The scenes of the memorable year of 1798 were related by him with the greatest precision and the most pleasing humor, and his recollection of the leading celebrities of the past century were most accurately and cheerfully reviewed by him. This venerable Irishman enjoyed health up to a late period—as usual, we are informed, attentive to the performance of his religious duties. When he complained, it was only of weakness. On Friday, the 16th of April, he displayed no symptoms of early dissolution. On the following day he sat up in bed, and conversed cheerfully upon ordinary topics with his family and neighbors; but in a few hours afterwards he laid down and died calmly, almost without a struggle—thus closing a long and exemplary career in the 116th year of his age, that is to say 46 years beyond the period alotted to man. The funeral of the Irish Patriarch was attended by a large number of the people of the district, and his remains were deposited with those of his ancestors in the burial ground of Drumfea, on the Monday following his decease. He had two brothers, Mr. Edward Nolan of Balinrush, in this county, and Mr. John Nolan of Coolcargen, county of Kildare, who lived to very great ages.—*Sentinel.*

A few days since an old pensioner, named Bowe, residing in Leighlinbridge, killed, in the River Barrow, at Burgage, two pike, weighing each 25 and 18 lbs. Another pike, weighing 27 1-2 lbs., was killed at Bagenalstown in a snap net, by the Murphys, fishermen of that town.—*Ibid.*

We have received a copy of the Agricultural Statistics of Ireland, presented to the Lord Lieutenant, and compiled under the care of Mr. William Donnelly, the Registrar-General. Its perusal will prove highly interesting to those seeking correct information on the important topics of which it treats. The present returns show the estimated average produce of the crops of the year 1857, together with the diversity of weights used in buying and selling corn, potatoes, and flax, and the particulars of emigration from Irish ports from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1857. By these returns we find that in 1857 cultivation and produce were as follow: Wheat, 559,646 acres; barley, 211,288 acres; oats, 1,980,934; bere, 6,026; beans and peas, 13.586; turnips, 350,037; and potatoes, 1,146,647. Throughout Ireland there was a falling off in the acreable produce during the year 1857 in every crop except mangel wurzel and hay, the former of these having afforded an enlarged area under cultivation; there was an increase in the total produce of wheat, barley, rye, and hay, whilst bere, turnips, and flax diminished in both extent and yield, and potatoes, with an increased area, showed a very low general produce. Cabbage, with a greater breadth than in 1856, gives a less total produce; and mangel, although having a smaller acreage, exhibits a larger yield. Under the head emigration we find 95,081 persons emigratad during 1857, against 90,781 the prceding year.—*Post.*

Seldom at this season has this country been blessed with more genial weather, notwithstanding the variable nature of the temperature. The spring work is progressing rapidly; and we are gratified to hear that the early sown wheat looks promising and healthy. Potato planting still continues, and will probably be completed next week. Pastures looh fresh and luxuriant; and we expect the late rains will materially contribute to the success of the Great Annual Fair of Carlow, held on the 4th of May.—*Ibid.*

Clare.

Mr. Wm. Smith O'Brien has contributed £5 towards the O'Connell monument about to be erected in Ennis.

The streets of Ennis were for the first time lighted with gas on Saturday, the 1st inst.

Cork.

The celebrated little warrior, Gen. Tom Thumb, was, on his late visit to Cork, very near having his thread of life cut short, having met with a serious accident, which, however, was of no serious consequence to this prince of Lilliputs. Having driven to visit the far-famed Groves of Blarney, the general being anxious to kiss the stone, was returning, when the shafts of the outside jaunting car gave way, and precipitated the little general and party right out on the road. Fortunately, however, as the shafts broke, and the body of the car heeled backwards, the driver was enabled to check the horse, which immediately came to a stand-still. The redoubtable general, though rolled out like a marble, was at once on his legs, and in a most lusty manner called out for assistance. A crowd soon collected and rendered every aid, whilst the general got into another vehicle and evaporated, making slight of the accident, saying he was amply compensated in this unexpected *contretemps* by the pleasure of kissing the "Blarney stone." This is the general's second escape within the past month, he having been pitched out of a covered car during his late stay in Dublin.

An Irish invasion is evidently expected from some quarter, and accordingly the British government has given orders to have the coast defences of Ireland put in efficient order. The batteries in Cork harbor are to be mounted; and ordnance of heavy calibre and of the most improved construction has been sent to Haulbowline for use wherever the engineers may think its employment most necessary. Stages have been prepared, upon which pivot guns of great weight can traverse, at Spike Island and the Fort; and their carriages have arrived, so that we presume they will be immediately placed in position.

The Hon. Mrs. Moore, daughter of the late Mr. Smyth, of Ballynatray, succeeds to all the estates of her father. A deputy lieutenantcy of the county is vacant by the death of Mr. Smyth.

Donegal.

The Committee on Donegal destitution is composed as follows: Sir Edmund Hayes, Mr. P. W. Martin, Mr. Dobbs, Lord Naas, Sir M. S. Stewart, Sir W. Somerville, Mr. Deasy, Mr. Maguire, and Mr. Bagwell. The last three names may be supposed to represent the tenantry, as Mr. Bagwell has undertaken their case. The Committee is believed to be a fair one, though there is a very strong preponderance of the landed element. We miss the name of a single member of the English Radical party, who, on such a subject, might be considered the most impartial judges.

Dublin.

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as Examiners in the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland for the ensuing year, viz.: Messrs. Smyley, Tuohill, Butcher, Stapleton, Richardson, Stokes, Byrne; and as Examiners in Midwifery—Messrs. Jameson, Johns, and J. Morgan. The students have presented Dr. Mapother with a tea and coffee service and salver, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Edward Dillon Mapother, M.D., by the students of the Royal College of Surgeons, in appreciation of his talents as a teacher of anatomy and physiology."

A correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* sends that journal the following communication from which it will be seen that her *Gracious* Majesty Queen Victoria has refused to subscribe one shilling towards the Mathew Testimonial. He says: "Perhaps all your readers are not aware of the interesting fact, that *Her Gracious Majesty* the Queen of Great Britain and of the Kingdom of Ireland, refused, point blank, to subscribe a shilling towards the erection in Cork of a Monument to the great and good man, whose moral and spiritual single-mindedness and benevolent labors worked such a wondrous reformation in the social habits of the people of this country—whose mission reached to England, and promoted a like reform there, and the influence of whose fame was felt throughout Europe and America. But though she refused the respectful application of the Cork Mathew Monument Committee, to aid by her subscription this act of national gratitude towards the memory of a man whose life, labors, and character reflected an honor upon her empire, she has acted very differently towards Germany—cordially giving a subscription of £50 towards the erection, in Halle, of a Statue to the memory of Handel, the Prince Consort giving £25 to the same object." To which the *Nation* adds: "To the above letter, we intreat the particular attention of our countrymen, and all friends of humanity. We trust the Irish people will bear this circumstance in mind for Queen Victoria of England, and when next she or any of her sons affords them the opportunity, tell to her or his face how her meanness is despised."

The following letter from Mr. O'Brien to W. R. Wilde, Esq., dated Cahirmoyle, May 3rd, 1858, will be read with pleasure, and will, if it be possible to do so, increase the love and esteem with which he is already endeared in the hearts of the Irish people: "In answer to your circular I beg to forward an order for three pounds as my subscription to the Hogan Testimonial. Those who co-operate in the good work which you have undertaken with your characteristic ardor, will enjoy a twofold satisfaction. By doing honor to the memory of the departed sculptor, they will not only soothe the sorrow of his bereaved family, and circle of friends, but they will prove to all who give Ireland the service of their hands, their intellects, and their hearts, that the Irish nation knows how to appreciate the talent which sheds lustre upon our island, whilst it confers renown upon its possessor. By acknowledging our obligations to Hogan we shall stimulate many a gifted child of our soil to emulate his labor and his fame." His Grace Archbishop Cullen has subscribed £10 towards the same charitable fund. Here is his letter: "It is fortunate that the first among our Irish orators should have undertaken to plead the cause of the family of our most illustrious sculptor. I hope all Ireland will respond to the call of Irish patriotism and genius. May I beg of you to hand in the enclosed £10, my humble subscription to the Hogan Fund."

Galway.

Since time immemorial May has always been a welcome month to Galway, owing to the recreations, of which, at that delightful period, Menlo has ever been the gay scene. These beautiful grounds will this year also be thrown open to the public, by the present young heritor of the demense, during the first three Sundays of this month. Such amusements, if carried on quietly and peaceably, are quite safe and harmless, and serve as seasons of relaxation to the inhabitants of the town.—*Mercury.*

Lord Dunlo is spoken of as a candidate for the county Galway on the next occasion of a vacancy.

The clerkship of Galway Union is vacant by the death of Mr. Lambert Mahon.

Kerry.

Very high rates have just been struck in the Kenmare Union, ranging from 4s. 6d. in Tahilla, to 1s. 7d. in Loughbrin. Two electoral divisions are rated at 4s. and upwards; three at 3s., and up to 4s.; seven at 2s., and up to 3s.; and four from 1s. 7d. to 2s.

Limerick.

Owing to the representations of Mr. Curling, Agent to the Devon estates, and the liberality of Lord Courtenay, the building generally known as the Devon School at Newcastle-west, has been assigned to the Christian Brothers, by whom the admirable system of instruction approved and applauded on all hands will be introduced here to the great gratification of the people at large, and with lasting advantages to the community.—*Munster News.*

The only original painting of the celebrated Sarsfield, the renowned hero of Limerick, is in possession of Edward Casey, Esq., D.L., Raheen, county Dublin, son of the late Thomas Casey, Esq., barrister-at-law, Limerick.

The Earl of Dunraven has subscribed fifteen pounds towards building a schoolhouse at Kilfenny Commons.

The Earl of Albemarle's estate of Castlerobertsmore, county Limerick, containing 608 acres, was sold in the Incumbered Estates Court for £10,600, to Mr. Fletcher, in trust.

Louth.

A meeting of the Guardians of the Bailieborough Union was held, at which the Catholic chaplaincy of the workhouse came under consideration. For two or three years the Catholic chaplain has ceased to officiate in the workhouse, owing to the niggardly economy of the commissioners, who would not consent to pay him £40 a year. Mr. John Ward, one of the guardians, did his utmost to do justice to the Rev. Mr. M'Quaid, but the perverse commissioners refused to yield, and the consequence has been that the paupers were obliged to leave the workhouse on Sundays to attend divine service. At the meeting of the Board last week Mr. Ward moved and Mr. B. Callan seconded the following resolution on the subject, which was adopted; and we hope the commissioners will see the necessity of at once complying with its terms: Resolved—That the preponderating majority of the ratepayers of the Bailieborough Union belong to the Catholic communion; that the greater moiety of the rates assessed for the relief of the poor of that union is contributed by the members of that faith; and that the proportion of the inmates of the workhouse professing the Catholic religion exceeds by more than tenfold the inmates professing all other forms of faith. That therefore with a view to put an end to this most unjust, anomalous and invidious condition, the guardians now again resolve to renew their entreaty to the poor law commissioners to sanction without further delay the appointment of a Catholic chaplain for this establishment conformably with the resolutions of this Board adopted on different occasions at various intervals since the 16th of October, 1854.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

The officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the 13th Light Dragoons, in Dundalk, have subscribed £41 9s. 9d. for the families of those who lost their lives in the late disastrous storm.

Tipperary.

A fire of a very alarming character broke out in the grocery and spirit establishment, belonging to Mr. Michael Shea, in the Main street of Carrick-on-Suir. When the fire was at the highest an incident occurred, which was watched with intense and painful emotion by the assembled crowds. Mrs. Shea and her child were seen at an upper window, and, finding her escape down stairs, through the burning mass and the dense smoke, impossible, she opened the window on the second landing, and cautiously let first the child down into the arms of the men who stood below ready to receive it, and then jumped out into the street herself. Her fall was happily broken by her husband and another party, who succeeded in catching her in their arms; both providentially escaped unhurt. In less than one hour the fire was got under, and the loss of property has been confined to the destruction of the entire shop fixtures.

The magistrates of Clonmel are promptly enforcing restrictions respecting the insecure storage of gunpowder by venders, five of whom were fined £1 each, for negligence in that respect.

The ratepayers of Cloughjordan have pronounced against the district being saddled with the expense by coroners holding unnecessary inquests in cases of sudden death.

Salmon is being taken in immense quantities, by nets, on the river Suir, and sent off to Dublin and London by railway as speedily as caught.

Fever of a bad type is prevalent in Thurles.

Waterford.

The new church of Tramore was commenced on the 14th of September, 1856, and since that date the walls have been raised to the level of the top of the aisles, and the pillars separating the latter from the nave are fixed. The plan comprises nave with side aisles, transept, chancel with eastern chapels, tower and spire standing in the east of the north transept, sacristy east of the south transept, and north and south porches. Total length in clear, 165 feet; width, across nave and aisles, 65 feet; transepts, 103 feet by 25 feet; height from floor to ridge, 75 feet; and height of tower and spire, 195 feet. The style of architecture is "Perpendicular." The principal doorway in the tower has marble jam-shafts, with rich mouldings over them. The tower is divided into three stages, and is decorated with a pair of but tresses at each angle. The stone used in the construction of this building is the blue trap-rock of the neighborhood, and granite for the dressings. Messrs. Ryan, of Limerick, are the contractors. The cost of the shell, exclusive of the bell-stage of the tower and spire, is £8,000.—*Builder.*

Mrs. Meagher, wife of Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq., arrived in this city a few days ago, from London, accompanied by Thomas Meagher, Esq., her father-in-law.—*Mail.*

A considerable quantity of rain has fallen during the week, but with the genial warmth of the atmosphere, which prevailed all through, very great service has been done the country. Grass looks most luxuriant, and the other crops present a very promising appearance. The wheat crop throughout the country is not looking as well as we should wish—many of the fields show considerable red spots where the seed has failed. The rains have greatly improved the meadows, and there is much promise of an abundant hay crop. Farmers are very busy getting in their oats, and preparing for mangles and turnips. The breadth of land under potatoes appears less than it was last year.—*Mail.*

The Mayor accompanied by two market jurors, the high constable and borough constable, inspected the different markets and victuallers' stalls through the city. All was found correct. His worship has given orders that proclamations be printed and posted in different parts of the city, warning the owners of dangerous dogs to have them muzzled or logged.—*News.*

At a meeting of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway Company, on Monday, at the London Tavern, it was agreed to remove the central office from London to Waterford.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON THE DEPLORABLE STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN ENGLAND.

If an Irish Catholic writer, or even an English Protestant historian, published the facts contained in the speech of the Bishop of Exeter, delivered in the House of Lords on Friday night, the 23d April, the statements made from such a quarter would be disbelieved as fabulous or ridiculed as rancorous slander. But when the statistical account proceeds from the unwilling lips of a spiritual lord in the Senate House, the entire assembly seemed perfectly aware of the facts; they appeared like persons who only wanted official confirmation of the statements; and hence, without discussion or opposition, they unanimously agree to an immediate inquiry into the astounding paganism or infidelity of London and the English manufacturing towns. The history of all modern Europe, taken in the aggregate of its cities, presents no such amount of ignorance, vice, and irreligion as can be seen and felt in the single city of London; and lest partizan criticism might dispute the precise value of the Bishop's words, he has put forth his observations from official documents; and he has presented them to the woolsack and to the universal public, in the undeniable figures of rigid arithmetic. I shall now quote some passages, from what may be called the Bishop's report of the decline of English Protestantism, viz.:

> The motion he was now making consisted of two branches — one relating to the metropolis, and the other to the populous districts of the mining and commercial parts of the country. The metropolis was an agglomeration of men *such as had hardly ever been known before.* We had a metropolis containing nearly 3,000,000 persons; and the increase went on at the rate of 60,000 a year! In 25 parishes of the metropolis there was only one clergyman to every 9,000 souls. In six of the most populous districts of London there was a population of 806,000, for whom there were provided only 193,000 sittings, leaving thereby no room in these districts for 614,000 persons to attend worship. In 19 of the most destitute districts the population was 1,423,000, while the sittings there only amounted to 208,865, thereby leaving *no room* for 1,214,135 persons to attend at church! The poor, therefore, not only had no churches to attend, but they were elbowed out of the places where they could find room, and to which they had as good a right as their lordships had to a seat in that house. The Secretary of the London Diocesan Church Building Society stated that the population of 25 parishes was 460 125, while the sittings were only 37,170, that is, something less than one-twelfth of the population, leaving no room for 422,955 persons! The entire population of the Borough was 343,784; and there was only accommodation for 57,500, that is 16¾ per cent.! He could prove that the vast population of Manchester was as spiritually destitute as London; while in Liverpool it was greater, the room in churches there being only for eight persons in every hundred! The actual attendance of the whole population, when all the churches were fairly filled, was about 10 per cent., ten persons in every hundred. The churches were, therefore, not frequented by the laboring classes; until recently they had not in some churches a *single* sitting or kneeling place. There were *thousands on thousands of persons in London, Liverpool, and the other towns, who had never been in a church, and who had never been baptized!!*

The *Times* newspaper, in quoting the Bishop on this subject, on Monday, the 26th April, concludes as follows, viz.:

> The facts disclosed by the Bishop amount to destitution literally; to that state of spiritual inanition, which in physical matters would be termed downright famine. Thousands upon thousands of persons never go to church, have never been baptized, and have no better title to the name of Christians, that the natives of New Guinea!

The Irish Catholics have been long made acquainted with this awful state of Religion in England; our journals, our pamphlets, our magazines, our general literature have continually kept before the eyes of Ireland this picture of English gospel ignorance; but never, in my remembrance, has the astounding statement come from a Protestant Bishop; a Bishop, too, having a seat among the Spiritual peers in the Senate House. And so decided has been his report, and so stunning has been the revelation, that the full House of Lords endorsed without a moment's hesitation his Lordship's statements, and unanimously agreed to grant an inquiry into this naked Paganism of the great metropolis of Protestantism. What a fact this for France, where London Bible Societies spend tens of thousands of pounds sterling to teach the Gospel to the French capital! How generous to carry devotion to the stranger, who has no need of this English Evangelism, while their own fellow-citizens are not baptized at home! What a model city to bring cargoes of godliness to foreign peoples, while their brother Reformers are dying of "a spiritual famine" at home! With what prestige must they enter a foreign city to teach Christianity while they have left behind them at home ninety persons out of every hundred in a state of avoved Paganism! What splendid Christians must they not make of the Parisians, the Austrians, and the Spaniards, when it is understood that after 300 years of their teaching their own nation never go to church, and have never heard the name of the Saviour! What a pity the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples do not encourage the zeal of these London missionaries; what a shame on the character of Popery in Italy not to admit these English Apostles to teach in the National Schools there, seeing the blessed results of their ministry in their London congregations, described by the *Times* as more savage in point of religion than the natives of New Guinea! This holy reformed system, so successful in London and Liverpool, must recommend itself with a trumpet tongue, even to the Pope, when he learns from a Protestant Bishop that the English Church, with an annual income of eight and a half millions sterling, has no room for the poor either to stand or kneel on Sundays! that tens of thousands of persons have never heard the name of Christ, never been baptized, never been in a church! Europe is already aware, without the Bishop's testimony, that London has been a Babylon of infidelity and all crime; that the English foreign Biblemen are spies in disguise, hired hypocrites; their missionary profession, a mask to excite rebellion, their whole character, a scheme of base perfidy, their tracts and their Bibles an ill-concealed feint to direct public attention from the accumulated vice and the unnatural crimes which have long made the religion of England into a proverb of licentious apostacy and cruel intolerance.

This Protestant Church Establishment will, in all probability, in coming time be the cause of her decline and total overthrow. The bishop, the lay improprietors of the tithes, the holders of the benefices, plundered from the old Catholic Church, are the unholy association which have spread infidelity at home, which have excited the just indignation abroad, and which if not checked in time will weaken our domestic institutions, and perhaps ultimately menace the very throne itself. This Biblical confederacy have annually collected the enormous sum of about five millions sterling (see their reports), on the pretence of spreading "the R formation" at home and abroad. But their real, yet inconsiderate object has been to uproot Catholicity; to diminish or annihilate the enemies of their ill-gotten possession; and thus to secure the permanent tenure of their public fraud. In carrying out these views, however, they have overstepped their malicious prudence; they have neglected their own church at home; Protestantism has consequently disappeared from all the large communities; and its place is now occupied by the creed of the Methodists, the Independents, the Baptists, and by the Sectarian classes so well known in the reign of Charles the First, and in the usurpation of Cromwell. I am not the sole author of any disastrous anticipations on this point, they have been written long ago by a more eloquent, and a more learned, and a wiser pen than mine. But the throne has need to beware how it begins to shift its position; let the monarchy take care how it leans for protection and stability on societies, which in Germany and at home have set a crimsoned lesson to kingly power. If this state of things be not checked in time, the past historian, not my pen, prophetically announces that the crown of Great Britain may yet in times of need, as heretofore, seek and will assuredly obtain the loyal support of the Catholics of these countries against the infidel, the Republican regicides, which her own church establishment has engendered and called into life by a system of licentious rapacity called religion, unknown in either ancient or modern times. England commenced her apostacy against the known truth; and she plundered the sanctuary to reward her adherents, and she created the Church Establishment as the political result of her national spoliation. And again, she incurred her enormous national debt in a conflict with the surrounding Catholic countries whom she changed from allies into enemies by her sacrilegious robbery and her national injustice. These two results of her apostacy, viz., her debt and her Church Establishment, may yet be employed (as all history teaches), to surround her Pagan capital, to break open her gates, to beat her flat, and to drench her banquetting halls in blood, unless the cause be removed, and the enemy be disarmed by impartial justice, and generous legislation.

The mass of the people are either gone into miscellaneous sectarianism, or they live in avowed infidelity. From a residence of nearly four years in England, visiting the various towns and cities, I learned that the worst habits of the laboring Irish there were acquired by associating with the laboring classes of the English—namely, frequenting no place of worship upon Sunday, using blasphemous language, and falling into the practice of a beastly vice, unknown in Ireland. The English Protestant clergy have lost all influence on the people, who look upon their zeal as hypocrisy; on their professional character as mockery; and on the Church Establishment as a legal swindle. Beyond all doubt, these classes are gone into Sectarianism or Nothingism, never to return, at least to Protestanism. In the hearing of any one learned in the doctrine of "Divine grace," or acquainted with the essential principles of Divine Revelation, it must cause a smile of ridicule to listen to a Prime Minister, or a Member of Parliament in England planning laws to *make Christians!* These Senators speak of making good Christians as they would make good drummers, sailors or engine-drivers; the zeal of the Minister, light from above, the disposition of the heart, is mere romance in their system. In their theology, to sit or kneel in the church, to believe in the historical existence of Christ, to hate the Pope, to burn the Blessed Virgin, and to maintain the Church Establishment in its annual millions, this is true Protestantism, spotless morality, unblemished life, heavenly faith, and glorious Christianity. This is what is called Parliamentary Christianity; and can no more save the soul than the laws which construct marine harbors, execute railways, or lay down the electric telegraph. Hence the English dissenters call this system of religion by names not easily forgotten — namely, "a scheme of legal hypocrisy, and of Church revenue, for the advancement of the wealthy, and for the oppression of the poor."

Who in Ireland can forget the scheme of this English church confederacy, which during the last ten years has scattered discord in Ireland by the annual expenditure of £39,000; and who does not now see its total failure amongst us, amidst the scorn of the universal people, both Protestant and Catholic of this country. In reference to the various ramifications of these Bible societies there is one fact connected with their preaching; one fact which is made the apology for their conduct; one fact which is put forward as the basis of their association; and if the Catholic public were not daily witnesses to this remarkable fact no man or set of men could be ever made to believe that such a fact could have ever existed and be believed by rational beings or by civilized society. This fact is that the Catholics never read the Scriptures; and besides that they are not even allowed by their Church to possess a Bible in their houses. Millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions have been expended by the Protestant Church, and by the Bible societies in publishing this fact at home and abroad.

Now it so happens that *in the sense in which they put this fact forward*, it is, perhaps, the greatest lie which has ever been told, written, and published in the whole world; and when we consider the men who tell this lie, the press that publishes the lie, the millions expended in teaching this lie to the rising generation, it forms in all its circumstances the most singular instance ever recorded in the whole history of mankind, from the time of Moses to the present hour, of a thing said to be a fact, published at so much expense, producing such discord in society, and yet having no truth, no particle of truth, no infinitesimal fraction of truth, no more than if they said that the Catholics eat snails for their breakfast, dined on oak bark, and took their supper on tea made from the leaves of tobacco!! And, moreover, when the Catholic priests deny it; when millions of the laity swear it is false; when it is stated that the priests read the Gospel every Sunday from the public altar to the assembled congregation; when the laity, ladies and gentlemen, show their prayer books, where all the gospels and epistles are found, and which they read daily at Mass on their knees; when the Catholic booksellers point to their shelves where Bibles are sold to every one who wishes to purchase them; and when these booksellers tell that in the very title page can be read the approbation of all the Bishops of Ireland for the laity to read the Scriptures with the *proper disposition*; what must be the characters of the supporters of this multitudinous lie, when after all this overwhelming evidence they come forward again and declare that their statement is still, palpably true; and, *therefore*, that "the Catholics do not read the Scriptures, and that they are not even permitted to have a Testament in their houses!!" More cannot be said on this subject, except to conclude by asserting that England has spent more money in publishing this PALPABLE LIE than would be sufficient to pay ordained ministers in the conversion of all the Pagan nations on the entire earth.

In order to meet this our statement here made against this Biblical lie, the Soupers have offered to go themselves amongst our people, and to distribute with their own hands our Catholic Bible to our Catholic poor. Of course we refuse and we reply: why employ Soupers to distribute our Bible when we ourselves perform this office; and, secondly, we would not *trust you in your contact* with our faithful poor. And in order to convince them of our prudence in this matter I shall quote here the fable of "the cat and the mice."

> An old cat not being able to catch a certain young mouse, which played every day near a shelf in the kitchen, bethought himself of a plan to capture the little mouseling; and accordingly, seeing a nail projecting from the shelf, he suspended himself from it by the two hind legs, and pretended to be dead. The old mouse, the mother of the little fellow, seeing the cat thus suspended, addressed the young mouse as follows: "My child, I am long accustomed to the stratagem of cats; and therefore I would not depend on a cat dead or alive; and, my dear child, take this, my advice, through life, which I repeat again and again: and it is never to trust *even his skin*, though it were even stuffed with straw."

D. W. C.

Thursday, May 6.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.—The report on this institution has been handed in by the Right Hon. Maziere Brady, Vice Chancellor of the University and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. There were five degrees of M.A. and 19 of A.B. conferred in the year, and £2,425 was the estimated expense of the University for the year ended the 31st of March last past.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At Gortin, John Gordon Bowen, Esq., of Burt House, county Donegal, to Emily Harriette, daughter of Major Cole Hamilton, of Beltrim, county Tyrone.

April 26, at Ballingarry Church, county Limerick, Sydney Reynett Brown, Esq., Mount Brown, to Mary, daughter of Wm. Cox, Esq., of Ballynoe.

April 29, at St. Andrew's Church, Westland row, Dublin, by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Edward Caraher, Esq., Solicitor, 76 Talbot street, son of J. Caraher, Esq., J.P., Cardistown, county Louth, to Teresa Mary, daughter of the late James Markey, Esq., Glaspistole House, same county.

April 27, at Mullavilly Chapel, John Denvir, Esq., of Newry, Solicitor, to Isabella E. M'Donnell, daughter of Francis M'Donnell, Esq., of Rose Cottage, Mullahead, county Armagh.

At the Catholic Church, Tuogh, near Killarney, by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, Lawrence T. Griffin, Esq., M.D., to Clara, daughter of Francis Newton, Esq., Liskeen, Glencar, co. Kerry.

February 16, at Sydney, New South Wales, Andrew King, Esq., of Melbourne, late of Belfast, to Annie, daughter of Edward Hunt, Esq., Balmain.

April 29, at St. Mary's Church, Limerick, Morgan Lester, Esq., to Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. Thomas Gresham, of Clonmel.

April 27, at the Catholic Church, Southampton, R. E. Lynch, Athy, county Galway, to Margaret, daughter of W. H. Buckle, Esq., of Cliffe Lodge, Collector of Customs, Southampton.

April 27, at Dingle, Francis Phelan, Esq., Tralee, to Kate, daughter of P. M'Kenna, Esq., Ballyhea, Dingle.

DEATHS.

May 3, at 3 Park avenue, Sandymount, Susan, the beloved wife of Mr. J. H. Askin.

April 30, at Mount Anna, county Wexford, Arthur C. Barlow, Esq.

April 30, Leonard Bickerstaff, Esq., of Runnemede, Dundrum.

May 2, at Lower Buckingham street, Dublin, Catherine, relict of Mr. Denis Breen.

At Lower Mount street, Emma, wife of Webber Britton, Esq., and daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Butler.

At Ballycastle, county Antrim, Mr. William Britton, late science master in Foyle College, Derry.

At Antrim, Alexander Bruce, Esq., surgeon.

April 24, Anne, wife of Major Cahill, of Lismaine, county Kilkenny.

May 4, at Drogheda, Jane, relict of Mr. Samuel Dickson, in her 60th year.

At Sallinteer House, Dundrum, Mrs. Garner.

April 27, in his 91st year, Mr. Christopher Gerard, of Scurlockstown, county Meath, father of the Rev. C. Gerard, P.P., of Moynalvy.

On the 26th ult., at Farmley, county Cork, John Edward Heard, Esq.

At Cashel, on Monday, the 3d of May, Patrick Heffernan, Esq., M.D., and J.P., after a short illness, deeply and deservedly regretted by a large circle of friends.

May 5, at 6 Lower Fitzwilliam street, Dublin, Barbara Hemphill, author of Frieda, The Jongleur, and other novels, and widow of John Hemphill, late of Cashel.

On the 1st inst., at Shangana Castle, county Dublin, Herman Riall, son of Augustus Heyman.

April 28, at Ballygalduff, county Carlow, Mary, daughter of Mr. John Kelly, late of Enniscorthy, county Wexford.

April 30, Sarah, relict of David Kelly, Esq., of Sligo, aged 75 years.

On the 15th ult., in Bagwell street, Clonmel, of rapid consumption, Miss Mary Anne Lenehan, in the 18th year of her age.

May 7, at Salmon Leap Inn, Leixlip, Maria M'Dermott, aged 32.

On the 2d inst., at Mountpleasant avenue, Rathmines, Mr. L. M'Nally, formerly of Dublin, aged 71 years.

On the 24th ult., at Belcek, county Armagh, suddenly, Mrs. Mary M'Farland, daughter of Mr. Terence M'Iver, of Silverbridge.

At Enniskillen, Dr. O'Donnell.

At Summer hill, Jane, relict of Robert Steele, Esq., of Mount Oliver, Queen's County.

At Kernan Cottage, near Portadown, Maria, daughter of the late Joseph Henry Walker, Esq., M.D.

April 28, aged 28 years, Walter Hayle Walsh, Esq., son of Peter Walsh, of the Walsh Mountains, in the county of Kilkenny.

At Dungannon, county Tyrone, Capt. David White, of Mount Forest, Omagh.

On the 3d inst., in London, Charles Wrixon, Esq., Surgeon, son of Captain Henry Wrixon, late of Blossomfort House, county Cork.

At Kilmadeu, co. Waterford, Francis Wyse, Esq., son of the late Francis Wyse, Esq., of Pouldren, in same county.

May 4, at Kingstown, John Young, Esq., of Ardee, county Louth.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.—The story of the Seven Sleepers is the most romantic of the legends of the Church. It is as follows: When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain, and were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured by piles of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was most miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, as the slaves of Adolus, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some edifice, the light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. Soon after rising from their sleep, which they thought had lasted only a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger, and resolved that Jamblicus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for himself and his companions. The youth, if we may employ that application, could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the Empire; and Jamblicus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the Judge. Their mutual inquiries produce the amazing discovery that two centuries had almost elapsed since Jamblicus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a pagan tyrant. The Bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrate, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who related their story, bestowed their benediction, and at the same instant expired.

LEGEND OF THE LUTTERELLS.—Between Dublin and Lucan, on the River Liffey, are some mills called "Lutterell's Mills," supposed to have been built been by a family of that name. There is a curious legend about these mills which is firmly believed by the peasantry in the locality. It is said one of the members of the family was a great spendthrift, and that he was not very exact as to his mode of obtaining cash to gratify his propensities. The story goes on to say, that being in a desperate strait on one occasion for cash, the devil appeared to him, and politely offered to supply the needful, on the condition that he was to sell his soul to him, and render it up at the expiration of seven years. The bargain was struck and the next morning the mills made their appearance on the bank of the river, having being raised up in one night by his majesty. The mills were soon transferred, upon other conditions, to some one who advanced the cash. At the expiration of the seven years, the young gentleman was found in a riotous orgy with some companions when the gentleman in black whispered to him that his time was come. The story goes on to say, that after a great deal of parleying his sable majesty agreed to take (instead of his bondsman) the last man found in the room. "Run for your lives!" shouted the young man, and all rushed to the door, and down stairs, Lutterell being the last to gain the stairhead leaving the room. "Ha!" cried the devil as he seized his victim by the throat, "I have you now." "No, no," roared the man, "don't you see that fellow behind me?" The devil turned suddenly round, and grasping what appeared to be a man, but it was only Lutterell's shadow, and flew away with it, the real blood and flesh escaping, but from that to the present time the members of the family have no shadow.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE INNKEEPER AND THE TRAVELLER.—As a farmer, of Orsinovi, near that city, was a few nights ago returning from market, he stopped at a road-side public house, and imprudently showed the innkeeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the innkeeper, armed with a poignard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him, but the farmer, who from the man's manner at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself fully dressed on the bed without going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrested the poignard from the other, and, using it against him, laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice which he recognized as that of the innkeeper's son, said, "The grave is ready!" This proved to him that the father and the son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection had intended burying the dead body at once. He, therefore, wrapped the dead body in a sheet, and let it down from the window; he then ran to the gendarmeri and stated what had occurred. Three gendarmes immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shovelling earth into a grave. "What are you burying?" said they. "Only a horse, which has just died!" "You are mistaken," answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse, "Look!" And he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. "Good God!" cried the young man thunderstruck, "it is my father." He was then arrested, and at once confessed all.—*Vienna paper.*

SLANDER.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

"The flying rumors gathered as they rolled:
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew."

HOW A MONK CONQUERED A BAND OF BRIGANDS.—In order to render the highways and byways to Rome secure for the faithful, the Pope (Leo XII.) determined on a complete extinction of the system of brigandage. The last act, however, of its destruction deserves recording. A good old priest, the Abbate Pellegrini, Archpriest of Sezze, ventured alone to the mountains which formed the head quarters and stronghold of the banditti, unauthorized and uninvited. Without password besides the expression of his charity, without a pledge to give that his assurances would be confirmed, without any claim, from position to the fulfilment of his promises, he walked boldly into the midst of the band, and preached to them repentance and change of life. They listened: perhaps they knew that active measures were being planned for their extermination; more probably the very simplicity and daring of the feeble unarmed peacemaker touched their rude natures, and they wavered. But they were amongst the most dreaded of their race, nay, the most unpardonable, for some of them had been the assassins of the Terracina students. One of them was their chief Gasbarone, who owned to the commission of many murders. What hope could they entertain of pardon? The old man took upon himself to give his priestly word that their lives would be spared: they believed that word, and surrendered to him at discretion. The city of Sezze was astonished at beholding this herd of wolves led in by a lamb. * * His word was respected, his promise fufilled; and these brutal men are dying out their lives of expiation in the fortress of Civita Vecchia.—*Cardinal Wiseman's Recollections of the Last Four Popes.*

THE ABOLISHER OF MONASTERIES.—There lived in Wolsey's household a man who was said to be the son of a blacksmith at Putney, near London. He had resided on the Continent, visited Rome, had gathered wisdom from travel, and was now one of the Cardinal's confidential servants. Two days before the Parliament met that was to ruin his master, he said to a fellow-servant, "I intend, God willing, this afternoon, when my lord hath dined, to ride up to London, and so to the Court, where I shall either make or mar." This was Thomas Cromwell, the abolisher of monasteries. He advised Henry to become himself "head of the church," by which means he could at once rescue his "princely authority" from "the spirituality," "accumulate to himself great riches," and get married. Thus, he cleverly appealed to Henry's three dominant passions—the love of power, of money, and of Anne Boleyn. The spiritual authority, now transferred to the King's person, was delegated to this creature for a season, and Cromwell became President of the Convocation as Vicar-General of England. Lodge human power over the conscience where you will, it is the abomination that maketh desolate set up in the holy place; and so Britain has found to her cost.—*North British Review.*

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.—Under Henry IV., French agriculture seems to have reached the highest point of prosperity of which its history can boast. Never in the annals of France had the population been so near the realization of that good King's celebrated wish, that every one of his subjects should be enabled to boil a fowl for his dinner. The results of an enlightened commercial policy, granting to agriculture that freedom without which it cannot prosper, were manifest in the increase of production, which ever brings in its train increase of population. The owners of the land were wont to reside in their chateaux, and by bestowing a large share of their attention on the sources of their incomes gave rise to a friendly intercourse between themselves, their tenants and laborers, which tended to elevate the latter, and enlighten the principles which guided their pursuits.—*F. R. de la Trehonnais.*

A CARRIER PIGEON—SINGULAR MESSAGE.—A carrier pigeon was caught recently at Cormac Park, the residence of Francis Glenfield, Esq., having about its neck a small scrap of paper, little more than an inch square, fastened by a white thread. The writing upon the paper it is not easy perfectly to decipher, and seme of the words are manifestly misspelled. On one side are the words "ten miscordia naci a mi." On the other "Io parto peroie guida contigo mi corazon Poloma." The following translation seems to convey the writer's meaning. "Have pity on me; I go, but he remains; my heart is with you." The destination of the pigeon cannot, of course, be guessed at, but that he comes from a Summer clime appears certain. It is intended to fasten his mission again about his neck, and send him once more upon his journey.

GRAZING IN GRAVEYARDS.—Extract from the "Burial Ground (Ireland Act, 1856):" "No animal of any description shall be allowed to graze or to be within the limits of any burial-ground having a sufficient fence, and it shall be lawful for any two justices of the peace, at petty sessions, to order the owners of any animal or animals so found within such burial-ground, to pay as a fine a sum not exceeding 2s. and not less than 1s. for each animal so found as aforesaid, and to levy and dispose of such fine in the same manner as fines for trespass of cattle are now levied and disposed of under the provisions of the law at present in force in Ireland."

ANTICIPATION.—Never anticipate misfortune. Troubles come soon enough without looking to them beforehand; and, moreover, by constantly expecting sorrow and disappointment, we destroy the happiness of the present, which it is our bounden duty to enjoy to the full extent; and troubles that come unexpected are often the least severe.

ORIGIN OF BULL-FIGHTING.—Large estates, full of wild cattle, were originally, in Spain, the primary cause of the custom of bull-fighting. This cause, in tenfold magnitude, is still in active operation in Mexico. There men have to learn, from their earliest years, how to manage wild cattle, and to avoid their dangerous attacks, during the process of catching and killing them. It is natural that the bolder men should, by constant practice and trials of all kinds, raise their daily occupation to a kind of art. Their companions will flock to witness their feats, and the cattle-driver becomes a *torrero*. How natural it is in a people to be fond of witnessing feats of skill and boldness in an art so perfectly akin to their daily occupation! —*Travels in Mexico and Guatemala.*

DISCOVERY OF CINERARY URNS AT WINCHESTER.—In excavating the earthwork on the Conservative Land Society's Estate, at Winchester, the workmen discovered in the Compton road, about two feet beneath the surface, two cinerary urns, embedded in the gravel. One of them was, unfortunately, broken to pieces by the pickaxe, but the other was exhumed entire, and contained, mixed up with earth, a large quantity of burnt bones. The urns were made of clay, and were about a foot in length, the shape rather elongated, small at the bottom, and increasing in size to the mouth, which was ornamented by some rude attempts at fluting. The urns are conjectured to be of British sepulture.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Tune the Old Cow Died of." Everybody has heard of this celebrated tune, but we believe it has never appeared in print before. It has, however, just been brought to light by "Herr Gliffic," and published by Mr. Augerer, of Tottenham court road, London, accompanied by a humorous legend, detailing the circumstances of its discovery, and we doubt not that many a hearty laugh will be raised during the next few months at the expense of the unfortunate cow. As a set off to the lachrymose character of the tune itself, the piece concludes with a first rate polka, which will inevitably become popular, founded upon the incident of the cow jumping over the moon.

THE JESUITS.—Few men are aware what a proportion of the illustrious characters of the last three hundred years have been the pupils of the Jesuits. Buffon, Bossuet, Conde, Massillon, represent distinct classes of great men, and stand almost at the head of those classes. They were pupils of the Jesuits. Voltaire was a pupil of the Jesuits. His irreligion he certainly did *not* get among them, and his talents came from God; but the most remarkable feature of his literary character bears the impress of the Jesuit education, which that too celebrated man enjoyed and abused, and turned at once against the Jesuits and against his Maker.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review.*

GAME-KEEPERS AND POACHERS.—A return has been printed, showing the number of persons immured in gaols in England and Wales for offences against the game laws. The list fills a space of nearly seventy pages, the punishments chiefly consisting of hard labor and imprisonment for a minimum of about fourteen days, and a maximum of six months. The offences included poaching by day and by night, trespassing, setting snares for game, searching for conies, taking eggs of birds, fishing, using wires, &c.

SCOTCH CLEARANCES.—A correspondent in an Inverness paper calls attention to some proceedings of the Duke of Leeds with respect to a property in Ross-shire lately purchased by him, which, although legal, are quite indefensible on any other ground. The duke is clearing men off his estate, in order to extend his deer forests. Within the last week or two, the tenants of two old townships have been ordered to quit both houses and land, and, says the correspondent, "what they are to do I know not, neither do they know themselves."

A MEMENTO OF RACHEL.—A melancholy memento of the force of family affection was brought into the market of "sale and barter," the other day at Paris. This was an old guitar, ticketed as the very instrument with which little Rachel, when known as Eliza-Felix, had been used to go round in the days of her poverty as a street-singer.—*Athenæum.*

DEATH OF A TRAITOR.—The *Nation* has the following: "Armstrong.—On Tuesday, the 20th April, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, at his residence, Ballycumber, King's County, John Warrenford Armstrong, the infamous betrayer of the gallant patriot brothers, John and Henry Sheares."

SPINSTERS.—In former times, it was a maxim that a young woman should not get married until she had spun herself a set of body and table linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in England in all deeds and legal proceedings.

TIME TO ADMONISH.—To admonish a man in the height of his passion is to call a soldier to counsel in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slacken, and then thou mayest expect a hearing.

HONEST PRIDE.—If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.—Dean Swift, on being asked what he thought the easiest and yet most difficult thing a man could do, replied, "To *bolt* a door."

ENVY.—Envy is the oxidation of the soul; but it is only the meaner mines and metals that rust.

Mr. Grattan Guinness, the dissenting preacher, thus speaks of the Protestantism and Orangeism of the North of Ireland: "The people themselves take their cue from the spirit of their ministers. In the North I saw a great deal of this rancor and Orangeism, but very little of true Christianity. One clergyman told me that a man applied to him for church membership, and to be allowed to partake of the Sacrament, stating that he believed himself to be a Christian. The minister said to him, 'What makes you think you are a Christian?' 'Ah! well, sir,' said he, 'I think I could eat a Roman Catholic' (laughter). He was a thoroughly sound Orangeman; as my friend said to me, he was 'to the backbone an Orangeman,' but a man without the knowledge of the Bible, much less of Christ Jesus—without the knowledge of charity, much less the saving knowledge of Christ."

Madame de Genlis, in her memoirs, describes the training she underwent to fit her for society in the last century: "I had two teeth pulled out! I had whalebone stays that pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curl papers put on my head; and I wore, for the first time in my life, a hoop. In order to get rid of my country attitudes I had an iron collar put on my neck, and as I squinted a little at times, I was obliged to put on goggles as soon as I awoke in the morning, and these I wore four hours. I was, moreover, not a little surprised, when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew well enough already—to *walk*. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

At the petty sessions of Ambleside, Westmoreland, two cases of refusal to pay church rates were heard, one of which was that of Miss Harriet Martineau, the celebrated authoress. Her solicitor handed to the bench a notice signed by his client, which stated — Firstly, that she protested against the rate on the ground of its illegality; secondly, that she disputed its validity; and thirdly, that she would commence an action against any magistrate or magistrates who should issue proceedings to enforce it. The court issued an order to enforce the rate.

A correspondent of the *Ami de la Religion*, writing from Rome under date of the 13th April, mentions that on that day the marriage of Count Louis Mastai, nephew of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., with the sister of Prince Del Drago Biscia Gentili, took place. The nuptial benediction was pronounced by his Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, Grand Vicar to his Holiness.

The belief in a meeting between the Empress Eugenie and the Empress of Russia, to take place during the summer, has obtained ground to such a degree as to make it considered a certainty. Some gossips go so far as to declare that such is to be the sole condition upon which the *entente cordiale* with Russia can be entered into.

If sawdust can be got in sufficient quantity there is no better bedding for horses, cows, or pigs, and calves especially. All animals do well upon it as a bed—it keeps dry and clear from impure smell, and as a manure, or rather as a sponge for manure, nothing can surpass it.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

The congress of German naturalists will assemble at Carlsruhe on the 16th of September. The committee, in inviting all the savans and friends of science in Germany and other countries to be present, promises to shortly publish a detailed programme of its intended labors.

The French Senate contains 16 dukes and princes, 20 marquises, 38 counts, 2 viscounts, and 20 barons. The Legislative body is not less rich, having three dukes or princes, 14 marquises, 31 counts, 8 viscounts, and 36 barons.

Charles II.'s politeness did not desert him even in his last moments. He apologized to the courtiers around his death-bed for having "been an unconscionable time a dying, but they would excuse him."

A player performing the ghost in Hamlet very badly was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in a good humor by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I must give up the ghost!"

The *Irish Literary Gazette* says Enniscorthy derives its origin, as a town, from the erection of a castle here by Raymond le Gros, one of the early Anglo-Norman conquerors, about the end of the twelfth century.

The Phœnix Park, Dublin, was first enclosed and laid out for the recreation of the citizens in the reign of Charles II.; it was completed by the Earl of Chesterfield.

The French Government intend to bring in a bill to the Chambers to provide for the purchase of Napoleon's house and tomb at St. Helena. The cost is estimated at 180,000*f.*

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of bachelorism.

The last Indian mail was conveyed from Marseilles to Paris in ten hours. This is the greatest speed yet attained, being at the rate of nearly 66 miles an hour.

The *Nation* says that the Duke de Malakoff only came over to reconnoitre London, and then go home again.

Lord John Russell, it is said, is about to print a revised edition of his tragedy of "Don Carlos."

Cork Harbor Regatta has been fixed for Tuesday and Wednesday, July 13th and 14th next.

HOME MISCELLANY.

MAIL ROBBERY.—While the mail was being conveyed to the depot last evening, for the night train, some thieves took from the wagon, unseen of course by the driver, the Milwaukee mail bag, and conveyed it to the vicinity of the mill, where a halt was had to investigate and examine the plunder. The bag was then cut open and the letters taken out and rifled of their contents. All the valuable papers were carried off and the others strewn around the marsh, and can now be had by the owners, at the Post Office, on calling for the same. There was a large amount in drafts, checks, &c., payable in Milwaukee, Chicago and New York, in the bag, together with receipts for interest on lands and loans, and undoubtedly some other important papers not yet ascertained. The banks have been generally notified to stay payment, and we think it advisable that bankers and brokers should closely watch for some days, as the robbers may have the hardihood to try and dispose of them. We learn that an arrest has been made. It is evident that the forwarding of mail matters to the cars is conducted in a very reckless manner, otherwise such a robbery could never have been committed.—*Madison* (Wis.) *Argus.*

NEW GOLD DISCOVERIES IN IOWA.—We were at first incredulous, says the Dubuque *Daily North West*, in regard to the discovery of gold in Iowa, and in fact we were almost inclined to hope that it was a hoax, for we have seen and known the evil effects of the gold mania, and besides we wished to see our young and vigorous State built up to greatness by that surest cause of wealth—agriculture. But as chroniclers of the day we give the many reports from different places confirming the finding of gold. It has been found in Madison, Warren, Clarke, Union, Polk, and other counties. Of course some big stories are told of big lumps and big wages being obtained. On South river, claims have been staked off in the California style, and from fifty to one hundred hands are employed in turning its course in order to work the present channel. In some places the gold is quite coarse and in others fine. We would, however, say to all who feel any symptoms of the gold fever try to check it until further reports are made, and by no means give up good and sure occupation for what may turn out an *Ignis Fatuus.*

AN INDIAN SKELETON.—A correspondent of the Rockland *Democrat* states that Augustus Vaugh, of South Union, while ploughing near the shore of Seventree Pond, ploughed up the skeleton of what was apparently an Indian of some distinction in his time. All of the upper portion of his head, and one tooth in the upper jaw, the under jaw with some four or five teeth, and several other bones, showed beyond a doubt that it was the remains of a human being. An Indian's axe, four copper rods about twelve inches in length, and the size of a pipe stem, and two arrow points, somewhat resembling the point of a butcher's knife, were also found deposited in the same place; there was also found what appeared to be the band of a cap for the head, ingeniously constructed, having a cord around it on the edge, and being fastened by an innumerable quantity of small copper bolts about three fourths of an inch in length, and about the size of a very small quill. In the early settlement of Union by the whites, it was known that the Indians had inhabited this part of the town, but it is presumed that no one living knows that they buried in that locality.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is one great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about; give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of seme importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political, and religious improvements of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre table be kept a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the family—men, women and children—read the newspapers.

CHICAGO AS SEEN BY AN EDITOR.—The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* has lately seen Chicago through peculiar spectacles: "Chicago is a bustling city. It was formerly in Illinois, but Illinois is now in it. Lake Michigan is situated on Chicago. The principal products of Chicago are corner lots, statistics, wind, the Democratic press, and long John Wentworth. The population of Chicago is about sixteen millions, and is 'rapidly increasing.' The people are very unassuming and moral—almost too much so. The real estate dealers are honorable men, like Brutus, and wouldn't tell a lie for anything. Chicago is not in the temperate zone, the habits of the people not at all being in that way."

PAY OF ARMY OFFICERS.—The following sums are given as the amount received per year by the several army officers named: Gen. Scott, $18,292; Gen. Wool, $8,854; General Persifer F. Smith, $8,189; Adjutant Gen. Cooper, $5,093; Maj. McDowell, $4,020; Col. Totten, $4,648; Gen. Harney, $5,031; Col. May, $3,519; and the general average receipts is, colonels $4,800; lieut. colonels, $4,000; majors, $3,000; captains, $2,500; lieutenants, $2,000.

A BULLET FORTY YEARS IN A MAN'S LUNG.—Doctor Wurtz read an interesting paper before the Scientific Convention in Baltimore, giving the results of some chemical examination connected with a bullet imbedded for more than forty years in a man's lung. The individual whose experience had exhibited the effect of metallic lead imbedded in the human vicus was an Irishman named William Kelly, who had received a bullet wound at the siege of Badajos, in the Peninsular war, retired upon a pension from the British Government, and died lately at the hospital at Kingston, Canada. Upon dissection, the bullet was found enclosed in a cyst, or bag, within the lung, and closely adhering to its walls in several places. The ball had lost one hundred grains of its original weight, three hundred and seventy grains by corrosion. A portion of the amount of lead thus lost was recovered by analysis from the lungs and diaphragm. The ball and the cyst in which it was fonnd were exhibited.

A BLUE BIRD IN A BOTTLE.—The West Roxbury (Mass.) *Gazette* gives the following item: "One of our neighbors happening to have a large bottle, bethought himself of placing it in the branches of a tree near his house for the birds to build in. After a short time the members of his family perceived a pair of blue birds continually, day after day, flying about and coming up to the mouth of the bottle, as if endeavoring to get in. After this had lasted about a week the gentleman one day took a hammer up to the tree to knock off the neck of the bottle, so that these birds might enter, when upon so doing a blue bird flew out. The poor prisoner had undoubtedly succeeded in making his way in, but from the slippery ascent to the neck had been unable to escape, and had probably been supported by food brought there by his two outside brethren."

A VETERAN.—A Revolutionary hero, named James McDonald, aged 113 years, passed through Rahway on Friday of last week, on foot, visiting his friends as he journeyed. He stopped at one of the hotels, and gave to several gentlemen there assembled a brief history of his life and exploits. He passed through the whole of the Revolutionary war, and also served with Napoleon as a soldier, being present at the battles of Salamanca and Badajos. He has a son eighty four years of age, and he himself, such is his vigorous appearance, would be taken for a man not more that sixty-five or seventy years old. The sight of one of his eyes is nearly obliterated, but he can see perfectly well with the other. He is a native of Ireland. He travels altogether on foot, and stated that he was on his way to Boston.

THE SHOE BUSINESS.—The Lynn *Bay State* speaks in an encouraging strain in relation to the shoe business in that place. It says: "The increase of business in this important branch of our industry has been greater since the reaction took place than the most sanguine anticipated. All hands are employed at nearly the old prices of labor, and on certain styles, a sufficient number of good workmen cannot be obtained. There is, however, among some manufacturers, a feeling that the present state of things is too good to last, and that there is danger of a reaction; but this is hardly possible, when we consider the small amount of shoes on hand, and the fact that there is but a short time left to prepare for the fall and winter demand."

ROBBING THE LABORER.—The great difficulty attendant on the procuring of employment during the past spring and winter by laborers and others in New York city, has been further aggravated by the following piece of injustice which we find reported in the columns of a morning contemporary: "Laborers on the streets have received no pay since the 1st of last January. In consequence of having been kept out of their pay, a large number have been obliged to sell their bills at a heavy discount, sometimes making a reduction of thirty three and even fifty per cent. The subject has been referred to a Committee, who have been instructed to ascertain the parties who have taken this method of robbing the poor, and enriching themselves at the expense of the city."

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.—A private letter from Col. Drew, Agent of the Indian tribes of Minnesota, contains intelligence of the renewal of hostilities between the Sioux and Chippewas. On the night of the 27th ult., a band of Sioux attacked a party of Chippewas encamped on an island in the Mississippi, near Crow Wing, and massacred men, women and children. The bodies of the killed were awfully mutilated. It is feared that the disturbances will become general, and a bloody Indian war is anticipated. Col. D.'s letter says that the Chippewas have sworn revenge, and it was thought that it would be impossible to prevent a hostile meeting between the two tribes.

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—At the eighth annual election of the Irish Benevolent Society of the city of Quincy, Ill., held in their Hall on Monday, the 3d inst., the following officers were unanimously elected: Thomas Redmond, President; James Montgomery, Vice President; E. Hoverton, Secretary; James Meehan, Assistant Secretary; David Higgins, Treasurer; Stewards—Wm. A'Herne, Frederick O'Connor, Florence Sullivan, Philip Lawler, William Clarke, Patrick Hade, Sen.

SNOW.—We were visited yesterday, says the Glen's Falls *Republican* of the 18th inst., by quite a snow storm—enough to cover the ground with a white coating, and to remain during the afternoon. It seems to us high time that Winter should have a passport from the Clerk of the Weather to depart for a more northern climate.

THE TUNNEL.—The Charlottesville *Jeffersonian* says: "Since last week we have twice passed through the long-talked-of Blue Ridge tunnel. On the train approaching either side of it the cars are lighted up and a red light placed on the end of the rear car, the speed is diminished, and every precaution used to prevent accidents. The entire distance can be seen through from the front or rear. The light on the outside of the tunnel assumes, as the cars progress through it, an appearance of a luminous fire, and at last a perfect brilliant blaze; the house at the western end, its doors and windows, and persons standing near, are seen distinctly till the train gets more than half way through the tunnel, when the light becomes as it were a blaze of fire."

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.—Teach your children to be industrious. It is the best prevention to crime, and best guardian to virtue. Read the histories of the hundreds who fill our prisons, and learn that idleness was the chief cause of their ruin. Young men of industrious habits are seldom found in the sinks of pollution—disgracing themselves and parents. The increase of crime among us is chiefly caused by the distaste of honest labor. If we would preserve the rising generation from those sins and vices which degrade the present time, learn them good trades and bring them up to good and industrious habits. Idleness, late hours, drinking, and the perusal of obscene sheets, are causing the ruin of millions.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.—A comparison of the area of the present States with that of the Territory destined to be erected into States, exhibits the interesting fact that the area of the latter, in square miles, exceeds that of the former. There are 1,807,000 square miles in the Territories, exclusive of Dacotah. The superficial area of the States is 1,461,010 square miles. The area of Kansas is 136,000 square miles, 19,000 greater that of all New England, New York and New Jersey. Nebraska Territory has 528,000 square miles, which is 95,000 square miles greater than all the non-slaveholding States except California. If the Territories are cut up into States of the average size, there will be more than fifty States in the Union.

FROST AT THE SOUTH.—Gloomy reports come from parts of the South of damage occasioned to the crops by the cold weather. Frost was very general throughout the country, and in many places lay upon the ground like snow. In some places ice of considerable thickness was formed. Rice, cotton and corn, has been cut down to the ground in some sections and will have to be replanted; young fruit is killed, and garden produce generally destroyed. In other localities partial crops will be obtained. The season was never more propitious, nor the crops more advanced than they were this spring, until the occurrence of this calamity.

EXCITEMENT IN BURLINGTON, VT.—There has been considerable excitement in Burlington, Vt., for a few days past on the removal of the remains of Gen. Ethan Allen. The ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the monument ordered by the State have been deferred, and the authorities of the town and committee of the monument have made thorough research, to the depth of six to eight feet, in all parts of the family lot not known to be occupied by the family, where his monument stood, without finding the slightest indication of human remains.

DEATH OF GEN. PERSIFOR F. SMITH.—The St. Louis *Republican* has received a despatch announcing the death of Gen. Persifor F. Smith, the Commander of the Utah forces, at the headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. His remains were to leave Leavenworth for the east. Gen. Harney succeeds to the command.

Susan K. Brown, a daughter of Philip C. Brown, Esq., a retired merchant of this city, residing on Fifth avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, has of late been, and is a most singular and extraordinary somnambulist. Almost every night after she has fallen asleep, she gets up, lights the gas, and taking a paper and pencil, writes several stanzas of poetry. Her father fearing that some accident might occur, one night removed the gas fixtures from her room and placed them beyond her reach. That night she arose in perfect darkness, wrote another piece of poetry, which upon examination by daylight, was found to be well written, correctly spelled, and punctuated, and the ruled lines as accurately followed as they could have been by the best penman with a light; and this has been repeated almost every night, each time a new piece being produced. She has no knowledge of the matter herself, cannot repeat a word of the poetry she writes, and insists that she does not write it. Her friends watch her closely. Her health is not very good; since her somnambulic exercises, she seems to gradually fail. Physicians have attended her for some time, but as yet afford little relief.

An old man named Powhee, living in Green Township, Ohio, told the assessors that he had no money, but the second evening after his house was entered by burglars and robbed of $2,500 in gold and silver, and it afterwards appeared that he had two other sacks of money in a different part of the house which the rogues did not find. The assessors, on learning the fact, assessed the old man for the $2,500.

The great flood on the Mississippi has offered an opportunity to save millions of dollars worth of timber, which has been locked up in the swamps of the Yazoo Valley. It is the practice to cut the timber in the swamps, in large quantities, and wait for the flood to float it out, and it is believed that timber worth at least five millions of dollars has been saved and brought into market by the late freshet.

The Central Railway accident will probably cost the Company nearly if not quite a quarter of a million of dollars. The Des Jardines accident cost the Canada company $150 000, and the Norwalk disaster drew from the New Haven company not far from $300 000. The Central company is supposed to be rich; sufferers will, therefore, be disposed to exact large amounts of damages, and there being a strong prejudice against the road along its whole line, in such cases as go to the courts the juries will be likely to make their verdicts heavy upon the corporation. This tendency will not be lessened by the fact alleged in the latest despatches, that the broken timbers of the bridge were badly rotten, and consequently, that the disaster was the result of culpable negligence.

The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, "it is the title-deed to sloth." The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes in possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half-filled purse, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely, and leaving off with the envious man's malice.

Jacob Wallick of Millersburg, Ohio, who for some years has been insane on religious subjects, took it into his head that he was commissioned to burn down all the churches, and accordingly proceeded to the Lutheran church, about four miles from Millersburg, and set it on fire. After staying to see that his work was well done, he proceeded to a Methodist church situated in the same neighborhood, and set it on fire also. Fortunately, however, the work was discovered before much damage was done. Wallick was arrested and is now in jail.

There is a cave in Taladega County, Ala., about six miles from the present terminus of the railroad. John Hardy, of the *Sentinel*, has lately visited it, and describes it thus: "The opening, or mouth, is of an oval form, and goes directly down some fifteen feet, then the vacuum, or opening, takes a northern direction with a gradual descent, for about two hundred yards, where there is another mouth, or abrupt descent, of twelve or fifteen feet, at the bottom of which there is a fine, bold stream of water, abounding in fish of all kinds and sizes."

The largest craft of lumber ever floated on the Mississippi, lately passed La Crosse. It was *five hundred and sixty feet* long, by two hundred wide, and the amount of lumber it contained was full a *million feet*, together with 250,000 lath, 250,000 shingles. There were two good sized houses erected on board, and the whole crew and officers consisted of captain, twenty-four oarsmen, two cooks, one clerk, who together with a black bear and a bull dog, made up the occupants.

No man should allow his newspaper bill to run more than a year. One year is easier to pay than two or more. Newspaper publishers are obliged to pay as they go, and it is unfair to deprive them of their just dues for months and years, as many thoughtless subscribers do, much to the trouble and inconvenience of publishers. A better way is to pay in *advance.*—*Exchange.*

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may wait for ever.

The pigeon-roost in Decatur County, Indiana, extends over a distance of twenty-eight miles; it is about fourteen miles wide. The birds have not nested at this roost for thirty years until this spring. Over this vast extent of country every tree has from ten to fifteen nests. The old birds leave early in the morning in search of food, and return in the evening.

A lad in Lockport named Stevens, having had a childish difficulty with another boy, was told he would be arrested. This frightened him so that he ran to Johnston's creek—thirteen miles—without stopping, and thence on the following morning to Rochester, where he died soon after his arrival, from the effects of over exertion.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* notices a new steam-boiler, which is so constructed that it accurately indicates the quantity of water therein, and when it reaches below a certain point sends forth a shrill, loud blast, which can be heard throughout the building.

The two "Gipseys" lately arrested in Cincinnati, charged with having stolen $4,000 in Missouri, got clear on the ground of the informality of the documents upon which they were arrested. Their lawyers pocketed $1,000.

There is a prospect of a renewal of the railroad troubles at Erie, Penn. The people of Harbor Creek are indignant at an attempt of the Company to relay the track in the position it originally occupied.

A merry Andrew, on being asked why he played the fool, replied: "For the same reason that you do—out of want; you do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money."

Verdant: There is a man out west who labors under the delusion that "How." placed before a man's name stands for *honest.*

In consequence of the high price of cotton the factories on the Brandywine, Delaware, will hereafter run only half time.

NEW YORK TABLET.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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NEW YORK.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADMIRAL, Montreal.—Thanks for your kind wishes. We regret that one of your suggestions came too late to be adopted. As for the other, we will pursue the same course in Canadian politics that we do with regard to those of the United States. That is to say, we will on no account interfere in mere party politics, but there are questions affecting religion and morality which it would be criminal in a Catholic editor to pass over. Such are the School and Orange questions which now occupy the public mind in Canada. If men professing to be Catholics, will play into the hands of the worst enemies of their religion, the TABLET will not fail to castigate them as they deserve, no matter to what party they belong.

PUBLICOLA, Canada West.—Subscribers to the *New Era* who do not wish to become subscribers to the TABLET, can inform their Postmaster to that effect, and he will notify us. Those who take the paper from the Post-office after the expiration of their subscription to the *New Era* we shall consider as subscribers to the TABLET.

T. B., Toronto, C. W.—Mr. Patrick Doyle is our Agent in Toronto. You can pay him and he will forward the amount. We have sent you a Portrait of Archbishop Hughes by mail.

NEW YORK TABLET.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

A PERSECUTED PEOPLE.

WE, Americans, are a most persecuted people. Outrages are perpetually perpetrated upon us. This is the more astonishing when we take into consideration the fact that we are so conscientious in our principles of non-intervention with the rights of other, and especially, weaker nations—that we are so entirely opposed to fillibuster interference everywhere. If we add to this that our meek and forbearing attitude in all our relations with foreign powers has gained for us a most enviable reputation and a most extraordinary confidence abroad, our astonishment will be still greater.

Further, if we consider the manner in which we lavish expressions of friendship on our transatlantic cousin of Albion, and the equally profuse manner in which those professions are reciprocated by that affectionate relative—if we consider that "we are of the same race and the same faith"—that our aims and destinies are identical—that we are the only free nations on the surface of the globe—that the liberty of the world and the "Evangelization" of the entire planet depend upon our united exertions—that "we" walk in the vanguard of civilization and enlightenment, we are at a loss to explain the extraordinary conduct of England in interfering with our commerce, and annoying our innocent and unoffending merchantmen.

While proclaiming that our cousin John is in the habit of making rather too free with our merchant navy, we must confess, however, that, if we have a fault, it is that of crying out rather loudly before we are seriously hurt, and often when we are really aggrieved, taking the aggressions in the most humble and Christian spirit. In fact we are rather inclined to make much ado about almost nothing and prone to strain at gnats while we swallow camels with the most edifying grace. Our journalists, too, are a most irascible race, whose belligerent propensities are easily aroused. They can manufacture an immense amount of pen-and-ink indignation in a very short space of time, and be it that they are in want of "matter" or ever eager to create an excitement, they never wait for reliable information with regard to alleged outrages, but seize with avidity on the merest rumor of wrong, on the most unsustained and one-sided statements to bristle up with patriotic indignation and launch forth most warlike pronunciamentos in editorial type. It is a happy thing for the peace of this country and that of the world, that their editorial ire is under the most perfect control. After chanting battle hymns *fortissimo* they warble *piano* on the shortest notice—in other words they "sing small" with the utmost coolness, seemingly unconscious that there is anything ridiculous in such extraordinary modulation.

In view of all this it would be astonishing if the mass of our journalists did not unite in intonating a fierce war-whoop on the very hint of British cruisers bringing to, in rather an unceremonious manner, the peaceful emissaries of our lawful commerce, on the coasts of that island which has so long been the cause of an expenditure of our pent-up patriotism—the gem of the Antilles. Were candor one of their leading virtues they might, at the same time, feel called upon to confess that most of our merchant vessels in West Indian waters are open to suspicion, that many of them are no better than they should be, and that during the past year, two out of three of the slavers captured in those seas were American. They might also feel bound to avow that if we carried out our engagements with other nations in a free and open manner—if an American squadron on the African coast were honestly to co-operate with those of other nations, we would be less exposed to such "outrages" on our commerce. If outraged then, we might, at least, return the compliment. But, unfortunately, among the many virtues of our bellicose journalists, conscientiousness and a strict adherence to truth, are rarely numbered, so that they will remain blind to all such considerations. Nor will they wait for reliable or official intelligence; they will make the most they can while it is wanting, and let off their ferocity while it is in season. They will have an admirable opportunity of proving the extent of their military and naval knowledge by showing what we could do if we were put to it, and how all the nations of the earth leagued together would find us invulnerable or—to come down to the standard of our popular style—how we "could lick all creation."

However, it is their business to talk, and talk they will, so we must only let them talk away. Sensible citizens have a sensible alternative left them, and that is, when they meet such sound-and-fury-signifying-nothing articles to pass on to another column, and leave them to the ostrich-like digestion of our home-cockneys, who unlike those of the "mother country," are not confined to the metropolis, but are to be found in every State from Maine to Texas. They may rest confident that the result of all such editorial "buncombe" will be *vox et preterea nihil*, which, freely translated, means that it will all end in smoke—and that of the least warlike description.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

A New York correspondence, as vulgar and scurrilous in style as malicious in conception, published in an obscure journal at the State capital and reproduced here by the *Express* and *Tribune*, has brought forth the following letter from the Most Rev. Archbishop. That the defamatory production of the Albany journal's veracious correspondent was immediately transferred to the pages of the *Express* did not astonish us, for such is the meat it feeds on, but we are really surprised that a respectable journal like the *Tribune* should disgrace its columns by inserting such patent slander.

The Archbishop's letter is addressed to the Editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and dated 21st instant:

I take the liberty of forwarding to you a journal published in Albany, which reached me this morning, through the medium of the Post Office. It contains, as you will perceive, an article of three columns scurrilous in its language towards myself, and malicious in its intended purposes as affecting the public mind.

I do not notice it with a view of repelling its defamatory imputations. Many such articles have come under my notice, and been allowed to pass unheeded by me. I had begun to suppose that my age, if not my office in the Church, would shield me from personal insult at the hands of all honorable men having control of the public press, and of course having the power to influence public opinion for good or evil. It is not my intention, heretofore, with the antecedents of my life, more or less known to my fellow-citizens, to interpose any shield of defence against the impeachments and slanders contained in the article to which I have taken the liberty of calling your attention.

But I owe it to the candor, the honorable impartiality and kindness which I have experienced, even in the worst of times, at the hands of the press, to state at once, and in the most emphatic manner, that so far as I am conscious of truth and of my own thoughts and actions, there is not a syllable in the article referred to that is not equally false and malicious. The object of the writer and publisher is evidently to inflame the minds of a portion of our people by a statement which, if it prove true, would render me unfit to live in a civilized community—but which, so far as I am concerned, or any one else with my knowledge and consent, is as false as if it came immediately from the father of lies. I am with respect, your obedient servant,

† JOHN HUGHES, Archbishop of New York.

New York, May 21st, 1858.

"LIBERAL CATHOLICS" IN THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

IN a recent number of this paper we had occasion to speak of "Liberal Catholics" in general, but now we feel called upon to particularize somewhat more. The province of Lower Canada is generally considered a Catholic province, and so it truly is, as regards the bulk of its population. It would be well for the country, if the people's representatives were only half as good Catholics as they are themselves. Unfortunately such is not the case, and we have the mortification of seeing the honest, simple, pious *habitans* of that fine old province misrepresented by the Cartiers, the Lorangers, *et hoc genus omne*—a dozen of whom would not be worth one of those sturdy, straightforward peasants who are the pride of every country, Canada not excepted. Some of our readers may remember the contemptible toadyism of that poor creature the Provincial Secretary, Loranger, when on the occasion of Mr. McGee's maiden speech, he jumped to his feet in an agony of sycophantic "liberality," and *apropos* to nothing, declared himself opposed to all intolerance, "Catholic as well as Protestant." The shout of contempt and derision with which the Catholics of Canada greeted this gratuitous piece of toadyism will not soon be forgotten. Then again the equally miserable Attorney-General, G. E. Cartier, another "liberal Catholic," twitting Mr. McGee on having been elected by the Irish Catholic vote. Poor mongrel creature! there were hundreds and hundreds of those Irish Catholics belonging to the working classes of the city of Montreal who would have got almost any sum to vote for *him*, but unlike *him*, they acted on principle, and in defiance of the active exertions of some few "liberals" of their own body, they nobly stood their ground, and carried their election in the face of every difficulty that money and power, and "pseudo-liberalism" could throw in their way.

Had there been even a few such Irish Catholics in the Canadian parliament, when on a recent occasion old McKensie, the noted rebel leader of '37-'38, dared to crack an irreverent and most impudent joke at the expense of a community of nuns, the Catholics of Canada would not have to blush at the "Loud Laughter" with which the infamous jest was received. Mr. McGee was in Montreal at the time, or there would, we think, have been one voice raised to rebuke the hoary-headed scoffer. But what are we to think of the Canadian *gentlemen* who were present in scores, especially when it is remembered that there is hardly a French-Canadian family of any note that has not one or more of its members consecrated to God in holy religion. Some may ask where, then, is the boasted chivalry of the French blood? Ay! where is it, indeed?—certainly not in the timorous, tepid, time-serving "liberal Catholics," who, dead to every nobler, more manly feeling, are bent only on that domestic duty popularly called "feathering their nest," or that individual one of "minding number *one*."

But all this is little compared with the conduct of Messrs. Cartier & Co. on the Orange question. We have no right to blame the avowed Orangemen who are their colleagues, for endeavoring to protect an institution of which they are members—in doing so, they are true to their own principles, and however much we may condemn them as men and as ministers, we cannot but admire their fidelity to their party. But to see Mr. "Gentlemen-of-Griffintown" Cartier, Mr. Toleration-Loranger, and Mr. hot-and-cold Alleyn—all Catholics of the species vulgarly known as wooden, voting for the incorporation of an avowedly anti-Catholic Association, whose bloody antecedents are not unknown to any of them—faugh! what are such men fit for?—"why cumber they the ground?" Attorney-General M'Donald is bad enough, God knows! in that being the first law officer of Canada West, he openly avows himself a member of a politico-religio-secret society—a thing perhaps unexampled in the civilized world—at least in our day—but still he is not half so bad as the sneaking, whining, cringing Attorney-General-East, who, while calling himself a Catholic, bows down to offer his worthless homage to a brotherhood reeking with Catholic blood, and sworn to oppose Catholicity to the death. And yet these craven sycophants, who are a disgrace to any administration, have their warm supporters, forsooth! amongst Catholics, ay! and Catholic editors who are not ashamed to defend them—men who would swear that black was white if they only condescended to bid them. Of course they *would* do anything and everything in order to secure more or less of the official "loaves and fishes" on which our "liberal Catholics" love to batten.

EVANGELIZATION MADE EASY.

WE have remarked in the *Pilot* for last week an editorial article of a very singular character, attacking, in a very disengenuous manner, an article in *Brownson's Quarterly Review* for April last. It is not easy to determine the precise purpose of the writer, or the precise fault he finds with the *Review*; but as near as we can come at his meaning, he wishes to wipe off some old scores against the press, and to castigate the *Review* for urging the importance of a more free and full instruction of the great body of the faithful in their religion in its relations to the various movements, errors, and controversies of the day, than they have hitherto received. It would seem that the writer considers it un-Catholic, dangerous, and tending to Protestantism, to labor, to instruct, and elevate by intelligence and generous culture the great body of the Catholic laity.

We have not been the special friends or defenders of *Brownson's Review*, but we are disposed to be just to every one, and are unwilling to see a Catholic newspaper trying to excite prejudice against any writer, by barefaced misrepresentation and unfounded insinuations. The writer in the *Pilot* would insinuate that the reviewer has invented and is advocating a new method of Evangelizing the country—a method repugnant to that usually adopted and approved by the Church. This is unjust. Dr. Brownson, in an article reviewing the *Aspirations of Nature*, by Father Hecker, published last October, has some severe remarks against those, if such there be, who are expecting the conversion of this country from any new or unusual methods of Evangelization, and while expressing his own conviction that this country will ultimately be converted, he says:

But we do not believe it is to be effected by any *new* or *unusual* means. The American people . . . . must be converted very much in the way and by the same means that other nations have been—by addressing their reason, their heart, and their conscience.

In the *Conversations of Our Club*, on which the writer comments, the same view is presented. Does the writer think it fair, candid Catholic in fine, to denounce a writer for *not* doing what he *is* doing, and for doing precisely what he *is not* doing, and censuring others for attempting to do? If so a little more instruction even in his Catechism or the Decalogue would not be amiss.

Father John, in the *Conversations of Our Club*, speaking of the necessity of a fuller and more thorough instruction of the faithful in their religion in its relations to the movements, errors, heresies and controversies of the age, says:

The press honestly conducted, under a proper sense of responsibility, by men who are above the petty ambitions and petty jealousies of little men, by men who are up to the level of their position, and equally free from a tendency to a false liberalism and from a slavish servility to routine by men of generous culture, enlarged views, who understand their age and their religion, offers a medium for that sort of education and instruction of the people I contend for, far superior to any hitherto pos-

sessed by the Catholic world. Through it the faithful may be taught the philosophy of their religion, learn its place and office in this world, its rights in relation to the various speculations and tendencies of the age—learn also true Catholic politics, and be stimulated and encouraged to the defence of Catholic interest. It cannot and ought not to supersede any of the old and established means and methods of instruction, for they have been instituted by our Lord himself, but it may be ancillary to them, as philosophy itself is ancillary to theology.

The writer remonstrates against this, and says "the conditions under which the press is to become so beneficent an agent are simply impossible." Does he judge from the ill success of the *Pilot*? They may be impossible *secundum quid*, but not, therefore, *simpliciter*, or absolutely impossible, and such seems to have been the view of our Holy Father Pius IX., and the illustrious bishops in Europe and America who have shown so much interest in the establishment and support of the Catholic press. The writer does not agree with the illustrious Archbishop of New York, so remarkable for his sagacity, his sound judgment, and his discreet zeal, who has himself been the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and who frequently addresses the public through the newspaper press, sometimes with and sometimes without his signature.

The writer aims to leave the impression on his readers that *Brownson's Review* holds the press to be a more efficient means of instructing the people than the ministry instituted by our Lord. This is unfair. When Father John says the press, properly conducted, "offers a medium for that sort of education of the people I contend for, far superior to any hitherto possessed by the Catholic world," it is evident that he has reference to those exterior and human mediums of which the Church may and does avail herself, not to those which are of divine institution, for he says expressly that it cannot and ought not to supercede them, and can only be "ancillary to them as philosophy is ancillary to theology."

The writer cites several passages from the speeches of Dieffenbach, one of the interlocutors, and blames the *Review* for them. He might as well blame it for a quotation from an infidel or heretical book made for the purpose of being refuted. To any one who knows how to read the *Conversations of Our Club*, it is evident that Father John, and Father John alone of all the interlocutors represents the author. Dieffenbach is introduced as "a man of learning, a profound genius, a Catholic indeed, but inclining to mysticism, and to rely on the inner witness in preference to the external authority of the church." It is unfair then to hold the author responsible for every thing Dieffenbach says in character. There is no harm in a Catholic editor being just and candid.

The writer takes special exception to the following remarks of Dieffenbach: "Luther's movement only *accidentally* attacked the *doctrines* of the Church. Its real character was the denial of the distinction between the clergy and the laity in the government of the Church and the definition of doctrines." This the *Pilot* regards as both novel and cool, and designates it as a "remarkable libel" on the character of Luther. There is no novelty in it, for the statement is almost a literal translation from an eminent Catholic theologian and philosopher; and the writer in the *Pilot* has brought nothing that proves it untrue. He says the faithful "would not apply the epithet 'accidental' to Luther's *contumacy* to the Holy See, nor to any one of the celebrated ninety-five propositions." Well, who maintains they would? Dieffenbach, we presume, uses the word "accidental" in its scholastic sense, and means that the direct object of Luther's *movement*, not necessarily of Luther himself, was not to change the creed of the Church, but to break down the Papal authority and to efface the proper Sacerdotal order, and it assailed or changed the doctrine of the Church only in submission to this purpose. That this was the real significance of the movement, whether it is what Luther formally and distinctly proposed to himself or not, is what Dieffenbach asserts, and against which the writer offers nothing at all. What he adduces may be very true, and yet what Dieffenbach alleges be also very true and very sound.

Dieffenbach indeed alleges that the Bishops and clergy seem to him "to have never comprehended or accepted the changes introduced by Luther and his movement." Father John, however, does not appear to agree with him. He concludes that the full and thorough instruction of the faithful demanded by those changes, which are to be regretted, has not generally been given, but he attributes it to other causes than the failure of the Bishops and clergy to comprehend them, or to accept the new duties they impose. That Dieffenbach who has little respect for external authority should speak lightly of the Bishops and clergy is in character, but why ascribe his views to the reviewer any more than those of Mr. O'Flanagan, who, in some respects, takes the side espoused by the writer in the *Pilot*.

The writer's "badinage," as he calls it, about reviewers understanding Luther and his movement better than the Council of Trent and the eminent men appointed to draw up the Roman Cathechism is—badinage, and very *mal a propos*. The author of the *Conversations* is only urging what the Council of Trent enjoined, and what indeed was the great purpose for which it was assembled, namely, to instruct the faithful in Catholic doctrine in relation to the prevalent errors, heresies, and controversies of the times.

So much by way of justice to *Brownson's Review*. But we cannot stop here. We have believed and still believe that intelligence is a good, and that the worst enemy of our religion is ignorance. To the charge brought against the Church that she is opposed to the intellectual cultivation of the people and seeks darkness, it has been the custom of Catholic writers, bishops, and priests, to oppose what she has done in all ages and countries to foster learning and science, literature and the arts; but this writer takes the defence of ignorance; admits the charge, and glories in it. "We have no patience," he says, "with this talk about 'individual reason,' 'intellectual culture,' and the 'philosophy of religion.'" We can believe him, judging from his article. Yet he has no right to conclude that they are undesirable and evil because he happens to lack them.

"We are by no means disposed to believe," he says, "in the necessity of instructing all classes of people in the relations of faith to the prevailing errors and tendencies of the age." "Necessary, *necessitate medii ad salutem*," agreed; but will he tell us what class of people in a country like ours, where all are politically equal, do not need to be instructed in their faith in relation to the prevailing errors and tendencies of the age? What class did the Council of Trent except? What class did the Holy Synod inform the pastors they might leave in ignorance?

"We are old fashioned and mediæval enough," he continues, "to think that people had much better employ their time in saying their beads and imitating the active virtues of the saints—yes, in innocent recreation—than to befog themselves with the study of any of the multitudinous *isms* which abound among us." Who doubts it? Why did not the writer add, than to read his own contributions to the *Pilot*? We hope he says his beads, and we think he would be much better employed in saying them than in writing essays in favor of ignorance and against the understanding of our religion in its relations to the opinions and heresies we must come in contact with daily. Does he accept the old slander that "ignorance is the mother of devotion?" Does he mean to insinuate that none but the ignorant say their beads?

"He is a good pilot who knows thoroughly the clear channel, though he may be ignorant of the form and position of some of the rocks which lie on either side of it." Yet we apprehend that the pilot who should not know the form and position of the rocks against which the ship might be in danger of striking, would hardly obtain his license.

The writer sets aside intellect as fallible, but says "God has given us instinct which is sure," that is, infallible. In this he does not agree with St. Thomas, who maintains that intellect cannot be false, but St. Thomas was a great philosopher as well as theologian and saint. "This instinct," he continues, "is implanted in every man, and it is through this instinct that conversions are made." We had thought that conversions were made through grace, but it seems they are made through instinct. Would the writer have us believe that his own piety is a blind instinct, and that his faith is founded in ignorance, in the abnegation of intellect and reason?

The writer distinguishes instinct from intellect, and by its very character of instinct it is distinguished from will, and therefore must operate blindly and necessarily. How will he reconcile this with Catholic faith or Catholic morality? It seems to us subversive of both. He asserts that this instinct is infallible and in every man, operating independently of intellect and will. He makes it a sure guide in the supernatural as in the natural order, for conversions are made by it. Then every man has the infallible guide in himself. What Presbyterian, Pietist, or Transcendentalist ever went further? Here is a writer denouncing those who require that all classes of the faithful should be thoroughly instructed in the relations of their faith to prevailing errors and tendencies, running himself unconsciously into one of the most widely diffused and dangerous heresies of the day—a heresy destructive of all faith, all religion and morality!

"It is not in the columns of newspapers, nor in the pages of reviews, nor in the volumes of controversy, that the instruments which are to convert this or any other country are to be found." No, they are to be found in a sure, an infallible instinct. Would the writer have all left to instinct? Why then his editorial? Why does he attempt to use intellect and reasoning against *Brownson's Review*? What are we to say of the works of the Fathers, the Scholastics and the great and learned theologians of modern times? What shall we say of the controversy of Archbishop Purcell with Campbell, or that of Archbishop Hughes with Breckenridge? Why was not all left to instinct? Why not leave all men, like animals, to the guidance of instinct? Instinct is sure and cannot mislead them.

But we have already extended our remarks to an unreasonable length, and must forbear, although we must leave much objectionable matter untouched. The writer has the happy faculty of so telling the truth as to give it the effect of falsehood. If his instinct is sure, his logic and philosophy are continually at fault. Who he is we know not, but he must be some ignorant layman whose article has found admission into the *Pilot* by mistake. We have not chosen to hold the *Pilot* responsible for it, and we trust that sheet, professing to be Catholic, will take care that no more such articles find their way into its columns. Nothing but the obscurity of the writer's meaning and his manifest weakness, save it from being a gross scandal. If Dr. Brownson wanted any proof of the necessity of the intellectual culture and instruction he insists upon, he would find it in this writer's deplorable ineptness. His editorial is discreditable to the columns even of the *Boston Pilot*.

A Red-hot Hero.—An Eastern contemporary is publishing a fearfully romantic story. Baron Munchausen himself was nothing to the hero, who, when in a passion, gets so heated that he actually "*melts snow for a space of twenty feet around him.*" The author must have a very warm imagination to conceive such fiery episodes. We would like to know if the hero gets entirely cooled down by the performance.

Charles Gavan Duffy.—Recent intelligence from Australia brings news of the appointment of Charles Gavan Duffy as Minister of Public Works, under the new Melbourne Cabinet.

We regret to learn that the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax, is seriously indisposed.

OUR NEW STORY.

In the first number of our coming volume will be commenced a new and ably written story entitled "The Confessions of an Apostate." It is from the graceful and prolific pen of Mrs. J. Sadlier, and will equal, if not surpass in interest the previous popular and highly successful productions of that talented lady. Agents and dealers should send in their orders as speedily as possible.

Confirmation.—His Grace the Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, on Sunday last, in the Church of the Assumption, Manhattanville, and the following day at the Church of the Holy Redeemer (German) in Third street.

Notice.—All communications to the Rev. A. McGeough are hereafter to be directed to him at St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y., instead of "Schenectady," as formerly, as he is now pastor of the former place.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Andrew's Church, corner City Hall Place and Duane street, on Sunday, May 30th.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe has sent us an "Exposition of the Apocalypse of St. John the Apostle," by a secular priest. It will be noticed in our next number.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. James McGee will visit Rondout and all towns south of it, on both sides of the Hudson River, next week and the week following. He has bills for all indebted to us, and we hope they will be ready to pay up. He has also a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale.

Mr. Michael Falvey is now travelling through the State of Ohio. He has a good stock of Catholic Books, Beads, &c., for sale. He is fully authorized to receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet.

Mr. P. Neville will visit New Haven and vicinity next week. He is authorized to receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet. He has also a good assortment of Catholic books for sale.

Mr. John Graham will call on our Subscribers in Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Xenia, and intervening towns, during the months of May and June. We hope they will be ready to pay up all arrearages.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now collecting and canvassing for the Tablet in Rochester and adjacent towns. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. James Doyle, is now travelling through Massachusetts. He is fully authorized to act as Agent for the Tablet.

Mr. Robert Wilkinson is now canvassing in Philadelphia for the Tablet. He will serve it regularly every week at subscribers' residences. Mr. Wilkinson is fully authorized to act as Agent, receive subscriptions, &c., for the New York Tablet. We cheerfully recommend him to the Catholics of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Persons getting up Clubs should send in their orders immediately. As we expect a great sale for the numbers of our forthcoming volume, it is necessary that orders should be received in season so as to insure proper attention.

Chrysostom Literary Association.—The Second Grand Anniversary Entertainment of the Chrysostom Literary Association will take place at the Metropolitan Music Hall, No. 585 Broadway, on Thursday evening, June 3rd, at 7 1-2 o'clock. The exercises, which will be of a choice description, will consist of Orations, Essays, Recitations, a Debate, an Original Extravaganza, and a select Concert by eminent vocalists. Tickets 25 cents. For sale at the Bookstores of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 164 William st., E. Dunigan & Bro., 371 Broadway; and Eugene Coleman, 27 1-2 Madison street.

Literature.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Politics. Vol. II. June, 1858. No VIII. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*, 13 *Winter street.*

On receiving the monthly visit of this periodical, the reader's first care is to see what have been the subjects of conversation at the Breakfast table of the Autocrat. In the present number he is eloquent on the subject of "old hats" and "Poets." The one subject, we presume, suggested the other. We are sorry to see a growing materialist tendency in his usually quiet and pleasing pages, and we think he would be more appreciated by the generality of readers if he would "sink the shop," if we may be permitted to use that familiar but expressive phrase. Poetry is rather too scarce in this issue, and what there is of it is much below the usual poetic standard of the *Atlantic*. "La Cantatrice" contains some good ideas though many of them are too far-fetched and the composition lacks finish. "Spring has come," which possesses some merit, is, however, rather a collection of detached stanzas, in which the epithets are strained and artificial, than a complete and harmonious whole. "Crawford and Sculpture" is written by a true lover of the glorious art, whose enthusiasm wells up in a sparkling stream of vivid prose, and to all he says in praise of his favorite art we humbly subscribe, but he might have left out a "fling" at the Popes. The only allusion to Crawford's parentage is, that his lineage indicated no remarkable means or motive for artistic development beyond those that belong to the average positions of the American citizen. We are told, however, that the young sculptor was "highly amused" by the visit of a noble Irish lady to his studio, who ardently demonstrated their common descent from an ancient house. Further on, the writer says that "Crawford carried to Rome the ardor of an Irish temperament and the vigor of an American character." We must, however, commend the gensral spirit of the article as well as its glowing style, and we recommend it to the art-student in every branch. He will find in it both consolation and hope. The number also contains a good paper on "Letter Writing," and we beg to call the following extract from it to the attention of those afflicted with the mania for "regular correspondence." Of course we mean friendly or family, and not newspaper correspondence, one of the greatest merits of which is regularity:

"To conversation carried on at a distance of space and time, through the pen, not the lips, the simple and obvious principles upon which people act in the drawing-room or the fireside circle are easily applied. Between those who really wish to talk together, letters should fly as rapidly as the post can deliver them. If only one *feels like writing* (we protest against the inelegant expression, *en passant*) he should pour forth his heart to his friend, although that friend remain as silent as the grave. It would be as absurd to say that either party 'owes the letter,' as to charge him who had the penultimate word in a dialogue with the duty of making the first remark the next time he encounters her who had the last word. When the topic of immediate interest has been disposed of, a correspondence is over. It matters as little who contributed the larger portion to it, as who contributes the most to a dialogue. When the end is reached the story is done. It is for the party who is first in the mood of writing after an interval of silence, to open a new correspondence, in which there shall be no reference to previous communications, and which may die with the first letter or be protracted for a week or a month."

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. June, 1858. Vol. VI. No. 48. *New York: Oaksmith & Co.*, 112 *and* 114 *William street.*

The present number contains an extended and ably written article on "Gerald Griffin" and his works, which are now in course of publication by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Not only has the writer of this excellent paper understood the Gentle Gerald as an Author; he has also seized with a rare tact the beautiful and exquisitely delicate shades of character which made up the Man. The purity of Griffin's character, the deep religious feeling that pervaded his poetic soul, excite the unqualified respect and deep admiration of the reviewer. The moral tone which marks every page he wrote is also the subject of deserved eulogium in the pages of "Emerson." But we will let the writer speak for himself:

"* * * * * * The life of Gerald Griffin was singularly unobtrusive and heroically pure. His pen which vied with that of Scott in its delineations of life and character, was equally subtile in its humor, and even more wholesome in material. In reading him there is no confusion of the moral sense—we are not deluded into any admiration of vice because of its superior surroundings, its brilliant state, or commanding mental endowments; nor, as is too often the case with Dickens, is goodness mixed with so much that is grotesque or puerile, that we cease to admire it. Under his clear but magic fancy, all is radiated with a pure discriminating light, entirely human, very genial and at the same time intensely dramatic."

Copious extracts from the writings of the great Irish novelist are embodied in the article. It is another proof of the truth of Griffin's genius that in a land far away from his own, surrounded by far different associations, a reviewer has so thoroughly understood and appreciated him.

A new volume of "Emerson's" will be commenced next month and the publishers promise an improvement in the illustrations, paper and press work. This is desirable, for the present number produces a poor effect on a professional eye, and is besides choke-full of typographical errors.

AN ESSAY ON THE PRESENT STATE OF AURAL AND MEDICAL SURGERY. By J. P. COLGAN, M. D. *Brooklyn: W. H. Hogan, Printer.*

Want of space has compelled us to hold over for the past few weeks our notice of this very able paper on Diseases of the Ear, lately read before the "Brooklyn Medical Society," by Doctor Colgan, of that city. Of late years especial attention has been devoted to ocular surgery, and dentistry has become, especially in Europe, an elaborate science, while the not less important department of aural surgery has been comparatively neglected. This is more particularly true of America, and it is with a view to calling the attention of the Faculty to this neglect that Doctor Colgan has composed his essay. Of its merits, professionally considered, we have not the pretention to be competent judges; we have, however, heard it highly spoken of by distinguished physicians, and we know it bears the impress of long and careful study and a familiar acquaintance with the works of European authors, who have made this branch of surgery their speciality. The author is evidently a man who loves his profession for its own sake, and who is anxious to contribute his mite to the great treasury of science. He has already made some important discoveries in the treatment of Ear Diseases, and has, we are informed, in the course of preparation, a large work on the subject. For the sake of afflicted humanity we wish him all success.

A new Catholic periodical, called "La Verdad Catholica," has just been commenced in Havana. It is a religious and literary publication. The first number contains several articles written with great ability, and commences the translation of Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. The talent with which it is conducted, and the large number of subscribers which it has already, augur well for its success and usefulness.

CATHOLICITY IN HARTFORD.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 7th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—On Sunday, the 2nd inst., we, Catholics of this city, were consoled by seeing in our midst, after a widowhood of over two years, a successor to the lamented Bishop O'Reilly. The Right Rev. Francis P. McFarland, our worthy Bishop, has made us his first visitation for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. Although the weather in the morning threathened rain, crowds were seen wending their way to St. Patrick's Cathedral at an early hour. Those who were to receive Confirmation assembled, the male portion, in the boy's, and the female, in the girl's schoolrooms. At half-past six, A.M., the male portion were formed in line, two deep, and marched into Church, under the guidance of Messrs. Rily, O'Neil and Carroll (who have charge of the Male Sunday School), and occupied the seats reserved for them on the Epistle side. As soon as they were seated, the females, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, marched in the same order and occupied those seats set apart for them on the Gospel side. The congregation then thronged in and completely filled the spacious Cathedral. First Mass was then celebrated by the Bishop, who after the last Gospel delivered an address to the children and all who were about to receive the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation; at the conclusion of which he confirmed about 500 persons of both sexes, mostly between the ages of twelve and twenty; there were some few adults. At 10 o'clock, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated. Rev. James Hughes, our zealous and worthy pastor being Celebrant, Rev. James Smith of New Haven, Deacon, Rev. Peter Hendrekin of Waterbury, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Thomas Walsh of this city, Master of Ceremonies. After the Gospel, the Bishop preached an eloquent sermon, taking his text from the 6th chapter of St. John, commencing with the 48th and ending with the 58th verse. Before giving the Episcopal Benediction, the Bishop congratulated the congregation on having such a zealous pastor, who has labored for them with the energy and devotedness of a true and faithful priest of God, also on the beautiful Church which they possess and the many improvements in and around it, on being blessed with Sisters of Mercy, and having an Asylum, in which they can care for the poor orphans and train them in the paths of virtue and way of salvation. At the conclusion of the last Gospel the congregation dispersed, thankimg God for the many favors bestowed upon them on this joyous occasion. At half-past seven in the evening, Vespers were sung, the Bishop officiating. Immediately before the Magnificat, the "Renewal of the Baptismal vows" was read by one of the male children.

After Vespers our worthy Bishop made a few remarks on the renewal of the vows just read, and hoped all would endeavor to maintain their purity of soul and carry their baptismal robes clean and unspotted before the throne of Him who is spotless as a lamb without stain. Then followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which all retired to their homes, convinced that in the Holy Roman Catholic Church alone, can the soul of man find that holy peace which it hopes to obtain through Christ our Lord.

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE CASTLE OF CARRICK A UILE, COUNTY OF MAYO.

[*From the Irish Literary Gazette.*]

"Oh! she's a rich and rare land,
Oh! she's a bright and fair land,
Yes, she's a rich and rare land,
This native land of mine!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

Notwithstanding that of late years much attention has been directed to the olden lore of Ireland, there are innumerable small unrecorded places hid in the corners of our island, teeming with traditionary and historic reminiscences of nubilous periods of Irish history, and ruins of castles rich in legends, associated with them long anterior to their dilapidation, that either altogether escape the attention of the tourist and antiquary, or to the preservation of the fragments of the history and traditions of which justice has not been done. This is not so elsewhere. Amongst other peoples there are few ruins of any historical importance, or a legend or superstition possessing the slightest interest, that have not found an illustrator and a conservator; yet, in our own land, where scarce a step can be taken which is not calculated to repay the inquirer, we find many a time-worn and ivy-mantled ruin of some fortalice distinctive of our old nationality, and verdant nooks which legends tell us were once peopled by mysterious beings such as those of which Schiller sings:

"Schone Wesen aus dem Fabelland"—

unnoticed, uncared for, and unsung. Let us, in our endeavors to foster a national literature, institute some researches into our antiquities and annals, that we may throw an occasional gleam of sunshine upon these relics of our ancient history, revivify our country's legends, and people her scenery.

The Castle of Carrick a Uile*—The Rock in the Elbow, alluding to the inlet in which it is situated, stands in a recess at the extremity of an arm of the bay of Newport, county of Mayo. It has no pretension to architectural embellishment, the character of the entire structure being that of massive strength. It consists of a square four-storied keep of solid masonry, about 50 feet in height, the surface being scarcely broken by a few windows of extremely stinted and narrow dimensions. At one corner the remains of a projecting barbican may be traced, while at the north and south angles were two small turrets. The roof was originally elevated considerably over the parapet wall that surrounds it, as may be perceived by the gable ends, in one of which was a window. This was apparently the banquetting or principal apartment, as it has a chimney, the only remains of one visible. The Castle is built upon the rock, and appears to have been protected by a strong surrounding wall, in the southwest angle of which a small circular loop-holed tower was built, which served for a guard-room. The peasantry relate that the Castle is supposed to contain a hoard of wealth concealed beneath its vaults, which are jealously guarded by a mysterious mounted Knight. The entire of the surrounding coasts formerly acquired an enviable notoriety from the traffic in contraband goods that was carried on.

* *Anglice*, Carrigahooly.

In the sixteenth century Carrick a Uile was the principal stronghold of the celebrated Grana Uile, (commonly pronounced *Granu Wail*,) more familiarly known as Grace O'Malley, one of the heroines of Irish history. She was the daughter of a noted chief, Owen O'Malley, who possessed a small fleet, with which he made many expeditions, ostensibly for commercial purposes, but, like Lambro in "Don Juan"—

Other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy.

Grace, in her youth, frequently accompanied her father and his sept in those predatory expeditions, and after his death, her brother being a minor, assumed the command of his galleys, and made many daring forays along the coast, utterly regardless of the prerogative of *meum* and *tuum*. She was ever foremost in danger, and the fame of her deeds was so great that it attracted mariners from distant parts to share her fortunes. Her principal naval rendezvous was at Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo, where she moored her large vessels, and had a fortress; but the smaller vessels lay off Carrick a Uile, which was her chief residence. An aperture is still shown in the ruined wall through which a cable was run from one of the vessels to her sleeping apartment, for the purpose of an alarm and preventing a surprise. According to tradition, her piracies at length became so notorious that she was proclaimed, and a reward of £500 offered for her apprehension. Troops were even dispatched from Galway to take the castle of Carrick a Uile, but it was so stubbornly defended that, after investing it for nearly three weeks, they were obliged to return. These exploits were performed before and after her marriage with O'Flaherty, Chief of West Connaught, bnt after his death and her marriage with Sir Richard Burke,* styled Mac William Eighter, she became reconciled to the English Government, which was then becoming very powerful in Connaught, and, with several of her galleys, sailed for London in the year 1575, and was received at Court by Queen Elizabeth with remarked courtesy, who offered to create her countess; an honor, however, which Grace declined, as she considered their ranks equal, and that they could not, therefore, confer any dignities on each other. She consented, however, that the Queen might confer any title she pleased on her infant son, who had been born on board ship during the voyage to England. It is said her majesty knighted the child, who was called by the Irish *Tioboid-na-Lung*, or Theobald of the Ships, from the circumstances which attended his birth. This Sir Theobald Burke was created Viscount of Mayo by Charles I.

It was on her return from this visit to the English court, that the memorable incident of the abduction of the young heir of the St. Laurence family from Howth occurred. Having proceeded to the Castle there she found the gates closed as it was dinner time, and indignant at such a dereliction of national hospitality, she was returning to her vessels when she accidentally encountered the infant heir on the strand with his attendants. She immediately seized him and conveyed him to Carrick a Uile, nor would she consent to restore him until she had received a considerable ransom, and a promise that the Castle gates should never again be closed at dinner time.

Grace endowed the Monastery of Burrishoole, off Clare Island, where tradition relates she was interred after her decease, and where her skull was for some time preserved as a precious relic. One night, so the story goes, it was sacrilegiously removed to Scotland, but, by a miraculous interposition, restored to its niche in the wall. She was long the heroine of Irish song, one of the most popular being that composed by the celebrated Jacobite Munster Poet, Shane Clarach MacDonnell.

* Sir Richard Burke died in 1585, leaving issue by Grace three sons and one daughter.

THE HOUSE OF STUART.

[*From the Literary Cabinet.*]

The English people are at length beginning to discover, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, that the Stuarts were not the pusillanimous and despicable race they were in the habit of representing them. They even go so far as to draw comparison between that "badly abused" family and the Guelphs, somewhat derogatory to the character and policy of the latter. It is well to do justice to the maligned, even after the lapse of a century and a half:

The interest universally accorded to the Royal House of Stuart is, to say the least, very remarkable. The fortunes of a fallen house must at all times be a subject of deep consideration to those who were eye-witnesses of their past grandeur, and it is not therefore surprising that the present Count de Chambord, the Titular King Henry V. of France, should possess adherents who feel strongly that he is wrongfully dispossessed of his inheritance. But the attachment towards the House of Stuart is wonderfully different to that displayed by the upholders of the House of Bourbon. In the first place, in this material age men generally look upon the events which occurred a century or two ago as possessing no present charms. A great political event in 1658—the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the succession of his son Richard to the Protectorate—is simply a matter of history about which few now care to trouble themselves, except in so far as it is considered an event leading to the return of

Charles II., and the consequent restoration of the Stuart dynasty. The events of the Revolution thirty years later become, however, of greater interest, whether to true Royalists, sympathizing with the banished race, or to those who look upon the advent of the Stadtholder as a triumph of their particular views. With these latter we have now nothing to do, nor is it necessary that we should here discuss the disastrous events which followed the base and unnatural conduct of the son-in-law of James II. "William," says Macaulay, "never loved England, or obtained her love. Whatever patriotic feeling he had was for Holland. He was by nature as covetous of power and impatient of restraint as any of the Stuarts." His bloody code, more particularly in Ireland, cannot be too strongly reprobated, and it is no wonder that 19,000 brave Irish Catholics withdrew from that country to earn renown elsewhere, after their formation by Louis XIV. of France into a crops called the Irish Brigade.

The popularity of the Stuarts, of which we have already spoken, has been by no means confined to age or country. The King obtained an asylum in France, and died at the Palace of St. Germains, and to this day the French remember the fact with natural pride. At home —in England—the most popular songs of the present day are those which have reference to the fallen dynasty. Every concert-room and drawing-room, and even the barrel-organs and the boys in the streets, give forth the soul-stirring intimation that "Charlie is coming once more to his own native shore;" and although it may be said that the frequent use of these songs is no proof of the popularity of the persons commemorated, we cannot think that there is a total absence of sentiment, to say the least, on the part of those who admire them. In Ireland, and in parts of Scotland, it is notorious that the Stuarts are still loved and revered. We have said that this long continued attachment was at least remarkable. It is more so when we consider how, in other countries, monarchs and dynasties have been overthrown without any thought of their successors after the lapse of a few short years. The popularity of the Stuarts is accounted for by a contemporary on the ground of the personal characteristics of themselves and their successors.

"The Stuarts," says the *Press* newspaper, "possessed just those qualities which help to make misfortune interesting, and the Guelphs possessed just those qualities which render prosperity odious. On the one hand were personal beauty and courage, dignified courtesy of demeanor, and elegant and accomplished minds; on the other were physical grossness, unkingly seclusion, awkwardness and dulness." Notwithstanding the multiplicity of our historical works, full justice has not yet been done to the merits of the Stuart family.

We have strong reasons for doubting the advantages of the transfer of the British Crown from the much-maligned James II. to an intriguing and selfish race. The truth is, the Stuart princes were infinitely in advance of the age in their ideas; they acted more in consonance with the received maxims of the present era than those of their own day. They lived in amity with their neighbors, and left the country unsaddled with debt."

THE FLORIDA WAR—ITS HISTORY.

[*From the New York Tribune.*]

Considering the fewness of their numbers and the smallness of their means, it would be difficult to point out in the whole history of the world a community which has struggled against overwhelming force with greater spirit or with greater tenacity than have the Indians of Florida. When this territory was ceded to us by Spain in 1820, it contained an Indian population, all told, and including some eight hundred negroes attached to the various Indian villages, of less than five thousand persons. The greater part of these Indians were offshoots from the Lower Creeks, whose principal settlements were on the Chattahoochee, and who, in conjunction with the English colonists of Carolina, had, early in the eighteenth century, invaded Florida, and had almost exterminated the original Indian inhabitants, among whom a sort of semi-civilization had been introduced by Spanish missionaries. For forty years and more after this desolating inroad, Florida appears to have remained nearly destitute of Indian inhabitants; but about the year 1750, a quarrel arising among the Lower Creeks, a portion of them —who received from those whom they left behind the name of Seminoles or Runaways—removed into the peninsula, and settled in that central part of it between the rivers Suwanee and St. John, and which now constitutes the County of Alachua. Another emigration from the Lower Creeks took place about 1808, these new immigrants settling in the vicinity of Tallahassee. In addition, however, to these offshoots from the Lower Creeks, there was the tribe of Mikasukies on the banks of the lake of that name, northeast of Tallahassee, who appear to have been a remnant of the earlier Indian inhabitants; and in the extreme southern part of the peninsula a small tribe, whose language was much intermixed with Spanish, and whose existence was not known till in the course of the war we were brought into conflict with them.

By the treaty of Fort Moultrie in 1823, the Indians surrendered up that portion of Florida most valuable for agricultural purposes; but they were envied even the wretched pine barrens and swamps which they still retained, and in 1832, by another treaty—that of Payne's Landing—they were induced to agree to emigrate to Arkansas at the end of three years, provided the country set apart for them there should prove satisfactory to a delegation of their chiefs who were to be sent to examine it. These delegates were induced to sign, at Fort Gibson, an additional article to the treaty of 1832, by which they professed themselves satisfied with the Arkansas land, and agreed to remove thither. In this shape the treaty was ratified by the President and Senate, and in 1835 measures were taken to carry the provision for removal into effect. The Indians, however, protested against the whole proceeding. They denied the authority of their delegates to bind them as they had undertaken to do. The only chief who inclined to submit to the treaty, and who proposed to emigrate, was waylaid and shot. General Thompson, the agent charged with superintending the emigration, shared the same fate, and the destruction of Major Dade, with a hundred men, on their march from Tampa Bay to Fort King, to aid in forcing the Indians to emigrate, on the 28th of December, 1835, fairly commenced the war. The leading spirit in it was Osceola, a young chief of about thirty years of age.

The whole force of the Indians at the commencement of this war was reckoned at about 1,900 warriors, including some 250 negroes. A considerable number of recruits were, however, from time to time received from among the Creeks of Georgia; who, simultaneously with the Seminoles, had been called upon to give up their lands and to remove to Arkansas. Against these forces the United States employed in the next seven years more than 20,000 volunteers, beside a large part of the regular army. Auxiliaries were also obtained from among the Creeks, of whom some 750 were enlisted and paid as militia. Bloodhounds were likewise imported from Havana, to be employed to track the Indians, the great difficulty being to find them. A most extraordinary war it was. General Scott, who was called to take the command soon after its commencement, and whose want of success subjected him to a court-martial, characterized it as an absurd attempt to transport a tribe of wild Indians from one unexplored wilderness into another, by an army to whom the climate was deadly, while it suited the Indians, who knew every hiding-place, and who, during the summer, when the soldiers were obliged to intermit their service, could securely cultivate their land in the depths of the swamps. Jesup, who succeeded Scott, and under whose energetic pressure of the war, near half the Indians were captured or induced to emigrate, did not think much better of the service. During his command Osceola was taken prisoner; but Coacooche, or Wild Cat, who now succeeded to the chief leadership, proved a still more formidable adversary, against whom, on our side, General Taylor was matched. Taylor, tired out, gave place, in 1840, to Armistead, and Armistead was succeeded, in 1841, by Worth. At the head of thirty-five hundred men, near a third of whom were on the sick list, Worth resorted to the desperate expedient of a summer campaign as the only chance of terminating the war. Coacooche was taken prisoner, and was employed as the means of inducing his band to surrender for the purpose of being conveyed to Arkansas. This summer campaign, conducted at the cost of terrible suffering and sickness, resulted also in the capture of Tustenuggee and Tigertail, two other fomidable chiefs. The Indians were now reduced, it was thought, to less than a hundred warriors; but the fewer they were, the more difficult were they to find; and the Government at last abandoned the policy of a total removal or an extermination of the Indians, which had been pursued at such heavy cost—more than twenty millions of dollars having been paid for militia and volunteers, and to compensate for losses incurred, exclusive of the expenditures upon the regular army.

The Indians, however, were still envied the small portion of territory of which, by the treaty now formed with them, they were still left in possession, and hence the new Indian war, by which the State has been disturbed for a year or two past. The general government, however, having learned wisdom by experience, have mainly confined themselves to efforts to induce the remaining Indians to emigrate, and the departure for Arkansas of the chief Billy Bowlegs, with some forty warriors and their families, seems to be regarded in Florida as a termination of the war. A remnant of the Indian population of Florida is, however, still left behind, including Sam Jones, who has played a conspicuous part since the commencement of hostilities upwards of twenty years ago, not indeed as a warrior, for which even then he was too old, but as a prophet and medicine man. In fact, the number of the warriors who remain behind is estimated at not less than that of those who have lately embarked—quite enough to give occasion yet for new alarms, and new expenditures.

THE WAR IN INDIA.—Intelligence from India, by the *Niagara*, which arrived in Boston late on Thursday last, brings news of the spread of the Indian revolution. The French papers also confirm the same reports. Speaking on the subject, the Paris *Pays* has the following:

In a private despatch Sir Colin Campbell has urgently demanded large and immediate reinforcements, on account of the great losses his army has sustained by sickness and the enemies' fire. Notwithstanding the taking of Lucknow, Oude is still in full insurrection and revolt; and, instead of been trodden out, extends daily. Symptoms were observable of a gathering cloud in the North West, and preventive measures were urged for fear of a sudden outbreak of the Sikhs.

GREAT EXPOSURE IN WISCONSIN.

We find in the Milwaukee *News* of the 14th a synopsis of the report of the Committee of the Wisconsin Senate upon the question of the amounts expended during the session of the Legislature of 1856, to secure the passage of the bill apportioning the lands granted by the United States to Wisconsin for railroad purposes among the several roads. The great effort was to get a portion of the lands for the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad. The synopsis of the report says:

The members of the Senate of 1856, to whom bonds or stock was assigned by the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad Company was as follows:

S. W. Barnes, bonds, $10,000; C. Clement, bonds, $10 000; George E. Dexter, bonds, $10,000; Edgerman, stock, $10,000; W. J. Gibson, stock, $10,000; B. G Gill, bonds, $10 000; Jackson Hadley, bonds, $20,000; E.B. Kelsey, bonds, $20 000; J. C. Mills, bonds, $10 000; E. O'Neil, $20,000; S. L Rose, $20 000; B. S. Weil, $25,000, stock, $5,000 for son; C. L. Sholes, bonds, $10,000—of these it appears that C. L. Sholes did not accept the amount.

The following members of the Assembly of 1856 voted for the land grant bill, and received each $5,000 in bonds or stock, with the exception of Robert Aikin, A. A. Bird, Wm. Chappell, E. Cramer, A. W. Foot, Geo. W. Parker, Geo. P. Thompson, and Wm. Hall, who each received $10 000, and Thos. Flavey, who received $20 000:

R. Aiken, Janson B. F. Barney, Chas. Beger, A. A. Bird, Louis Bostle Bird, A. Briggs, J. E. Brown, H. Butterfield, D. D. Cameron, W. D Chapin, William Chappell, P. G. Cheever, W. Chapman, William Bollady, L. Connor, E. Cramer, J. C. Raymond. H. Crawford, H. C. Drake, Thomas Flavey, A. W. Farr, D. Fletcher. M. S. Floyd, A. D. Gray, A. Greulich, G. Hapin, William A. Hawkins, Charles S. Hamlay, G. H. Hays, O. C. Howe, A. A. Huntingdon, John James, H. Johnson, P. Johnson, E. Knowlton, J. Lauderdate, P. Lavis, A. McCormick, J. Mitchell, D. L. Morrison, M. Murphy, J. Noin, J. T. Palmer, George W. Parker, J. Sell, B. F. Seymour, R. Smith, H. S. Bomus, George P. Thompson, John Tobin, W. N. Vogenitz, J. Wagner, Charles H. Walker, J. Weaver, Wm. Whipperman, J. Woodman, Wm. Hall.

The only members who voted for the bill and received no bonds or stocks were, Charles Burchard, M. M. Davis, J. F. Potter, Joshua Stark.

The following persons, who were State officers in 1856, also received bonds, as follows:

Wm. Dennis, Bank Controller, $10 000; Arthur McArthur, Lieut.-Governor, $10,000; B. F. Hopkins, Private Secretary of Governor, $55,000; A. D. Smith, $1,900.

The following persons, who were officers of the Senate or Assembly in 1856, also received bonds as follows:

Jas. Armstrong, Chief Clerk of Assembly, $5,050; W. Pitt Dewey, Assistant Clerk Assembly, $10,000; E. Moseley, $2 000.

The following persons, who were not members of the Legislature, State officers, or officers of either the Senate or Assembly, in 1856, also received bonds, as follows:

A. Mitchell, $10,000; Levi Hubbel, $10 000; E. Cramer, $10 000; Rufus King, $10.000; J. R. Sharpstein, $1,000; W. B. Hibbard, $15,000; E. H. Goodrich, $25 000; Moses Kneeland, $25, 000; C. E. Jenkins, 25,000; Byron Kilbourn, 25, 000; M. M. Strong, $25, 000; James Ludington; $20,000; H. L. Palmer, $1,000; Isaac Woodle, $10 000; Samuel Hale, $10,000; N. R. Norton, $2 000; H. T. Saundus, $5,000; C. C. Sholes, $5,000; Z. G. Simmons, of Kenosha, $5,000; D. Thayer, $1,000; I. D. Raymond, $1 000; Daniel Wells, jr., $10,000; E. L. Dimock, $5,000. In addition to this, S. D. Carpenter received $5,000 from the Company, and M. Shoeffler, of the Milwaukee *Banner*, $10,000. The remaining portion of the reports show that $50,000 in bonds were paid to Gov. Bashford.

This report will not benefit either of the political parties of Wisconsin at the expense of the other, because it embraces men of all grades of politics. In buying up supporters of the bill, the two lowest in value are an Editor and a Judge of the Supreme Court. The former was bought at bonds which at par were worth only $1,000, and the Judge of the Supreme Court was satisfied with $1,900.

According to the above statements, the amounts paid were as follow:

Governor of State	$ [illegible]
Governor's Private Secretary	55 000
[illegible] Officers	2 [illegible]
Supreme Court	1 900
18 State Senators	200 00
66 Assemblymen	385 00
Legislative Clerks	17 00
Editors and others	261 00
Grand total	$989,900

This amount of bonds was given to secure the passage of the bill, and it will strike the public very strongly that it must be a profitable thing to hold office in Wisconsin.—*Chicago Times.*

IRISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF LYNN, MASS.—At the semi-annual meeting of the above-named Association for the election of officers, held May 3d, the following gentlemen were chosen: President, Daniel Mullen; Vice-President, Patrick Walsh; Secretary, Daniel Donovan; Book-keeper, Daniel Fenton; Librarian, Peter Murphy; Treasurer, Peter Brown; Directors, Michael Lenox, William Roland, John Kennedy, Thomas Green, James Riley. The Treasurer's report shows the affairs of the Association to be in a prosperous condition.

THE BRITISH OUTRAGES AND THE CBAINET;

The Executive has at length aroused itself to the insults offered by British armed vessels to American trading ships in the Gulf of Mexico. On Wednesday, the 19th inst., the President responded to the call of the Senate demanding an enquiry as to the nature and cause of these outrages. Copies of letters to Lord Napier, the British Minister at Washington, and to Mr. Dallas, United States Ambassador in London, also accompanied the message to Congress. We give the letter to Mr. Dallas together with Napier's reply to the communication of Secretary Cass, dated the 4th of May.

Mr. Cass says that in his letter to Lord Napier, of the 10th ult., alluded to in the statements then appearing in the public journals, that a merchant vessel of the United States, the H. B. Borden, had been fired at and boarded by a British vessel of war, the Styx, off the coast of Cuba, and had informed him that he had received no official information upon the subject, and therefore could say nothing as to the truth of the report, but that he had taken measures to ascertain whether such an occurrence had happened. He now transmitted to his lordship a copy of a letter from the Collector of the Customs at Savannah enclosing a statement of the captain of the N. B. Borden, by which it appears that an unjustifiable act of violence has been committed against a merchant vessel of the United States, to which the attention of her Majesty's government is requested, in the confident expectation that the act will be disavowed, and such measures adopted as are called for by the circumstances, and as will tend to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings hereafter.

LORD NAPIER'S REPLY TO SECRETARY CASS.

Lord Napier replies, May 16th, that he had the honor to receive Secretary Cass's letter conveying an account of the circumstances which are alleged to have attended the boarding of the American vessel N. B. Borden by her Majesty's steamer Styx. He says he has transmitted copies of General Cass's communication to her Majesty's government and to the Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces on the West India station.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY CASS TO OUR MINISTER IN LONDON.

General Cass writes to Mr. Dallas, May 12:

SIR:—The accompanying papers, copies of the originals, which have just been received, will make known to you that another outrage has been committed against the rights of the United States by a British armed vessel, which calls for the immediate attention of the British government.

I am persuaded that if the occurrences took place, as are thus stated, the conduct of the British officers will be disavowed and condemned.

I beg you would communicate to Lord Malmesbury the earnest desire of the President that this practice, which seems to become more prevalent, of detaining and searching American vessels, should be discontinued; and that the most peremptory orders for that purpose should be given and enforced. Such a measure is called for by important considerations, which will readily occur to you.

While this government is determined to use all proper exertions for the suppression of the slave trade, it is not less desirous that the just immunities of vessels of the United States upon the ocean should be preserved. Whatever may have been the true objects of the voyage of the Cortes, if she had papers stating her American character, she was subject to neither search nor capture by the British cruiser. I do not doubt that the facts reported will be fully investigated by order of the British government, and proper measures taken to prevent the recurrence of a similar act hereafter. I call your attention also to the circumstances reported by the Consul General at Havana, showing the existence of a kind of police system by which American vessels in that port are watched and interfered with, and have to request that you bring the matter to the attention of the Earl of Malmesbury, with a view to the correction of the evil.

The following is a list of American vessels fired into by British cruisers within the last month. Most of these insults were perpetrated in the Gulf of Mexico:

Ship Tropic Bird, fired into, boarded and searched.

Bark Clara Windsor, fired into, boarded and searched.

Bark Glenburn, overhauled at sea.

Bark W. H. Chandler, boarded and searched while lying at anchor in the port of Sagua la Grande.

Twelve other vessels also boarded and searched in the harbor of Sagua la Grande.

Brig Robert Wing, fired into, boarded and searched.

Schooner Wingold, fired into, boarded and searched.

Schooner Cortez, seized, and now detained at Inagua.

Schooner N. B. Borden, fired into, boarded and searched.

Schooner Mobile, fired into, boarded and searched.

The Washington *States* says the naval committees of both houses agreed in joint meeting to take immediate measures for reporting a bill for the increase of the pay of naval officers. An attempt will be made to press the matter through this session.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—The three bills.—Defeat of the Oaths' Bill in the Lords.—Extension of the franchise in the English and Welsh Counties. — Agricultural statistics. — Church Rates.—Writ for the county Leitrim.—The Irish bar —Spooner floored.—Cardiff in a fright.—A pious clerk.—"Wales."

LONDON, 30th April, 1858.

The war in India is beginning to acquire some of the characteristics of the Chinese rebellion, which has lasted so long and with such varied success. The same nebulous uncertainty shrouds them both. The insurrection in India has been several times put down, yet we find now that the insurgents are in sufficient force to give the English army the trouble of another campaign, and that a scorching one. They seem, however, to be defeated wherever they show themselves, but appear to have the Hydra quality of multiplying the more they are cut up. Sir Hugh Rose had bombarded Ihansi and defeated an army of 25,000 men who came to succor the besieged. The forts were all taken on the 2nd, and on the 5th the garrison escaped after having lost, according to Consul General Green's despatch, between two and three thousand men.

The various schemes for the futrue government of India are the topics of interest at this moment. You are already aware of the provisions of Bill No. 1, the measure of the late ministry, and I have given you a summary of the scheme called Bill No. 2, proposed by the present. The third emanates from Manchester and hints that India should be governed merely by a Secretary of State assisted by under secretaries and clerks. The merit claimed for this project is that of simplicity and indeed it has no other. In moving that on Friday the House resolve itself into committee to consider the government of India, Mr. Disraeli reviewed the three plans. Lord Palmerston looked on the Chancellor's remarks as a funeral oration over the dead body of his bill. "He ought to come to bury his bill not to praise it." An amendment was proposed that the Indian resolutions were at present inexpedient but was subsequently withdrawn and the motion agreed to. On the same day Mr. Deasy protested against the increase of the Irish spirit duty and Mr. O'Brien moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months, but the amendment was negatived and the bill read a second time.

On Tuesday the Upper House went into committee on the Oaths' Bill. The first four clauses were passed. The Lord Chancellor moved the omission of the fifth clause which admits the Jews. Lord Syndhust defer ded the clause. The House divided and the clause was lost by a majority of 39.

In the Commons on Tuesday leave was given to Mr. Locke King to bring in his bill for the extension of the franchise in the counties of England and Wales. The measure is not likely to pass the first reading. The second reading of the Agricultural Statistics bill was lost by a majority of 100. A petition from Manchester was presented yesterday in the House of Lords praying that the kingdom of Oude might be restored to its lawful King, and that the House should pledge itself to abandon the policy hitherto pursued towards native sovereigns in India. Mr. Puller moved that on Wednesday last the House resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of considering the expediency of providing for the repairs of churches, and the maintenance of churchyards, by substituting for church rates such an annual rent charge upon all hereditaments in respect of which church rates may now be lawfully assessed upon the occupiers, as will most fairly represent the total annual amount now raised by church rates. His motion however was lost by a majority of 263. The second reading of the Agricultural Statistics bill was negatived on a division by a vote of 241 to 135. A new writ was issued for the county Leitrim in the place of Mr. Montgomery.

The Lord Chancellor in reply to a question addressed to him yesterday by Lord Lyndhurst stated that it was not the intention of the government to extend the Divorce Act to Ireland. The bill was afterwards thrown out. In the Commons on the same day the Irish Attorney-General's attention was called to the fact that Graduates of a university were admitted to the bar in England after three years attendance at the Inns of Court but that they were not admitted in Ireland until after five years attendance, and asked, if in the event of Benchers in Ireland refusing to modify the rule, Government would have any objection to introduce a measure on the subject. The Attorney-General replied that the attention of the proper authorities would be drawn to the fact who would most probably remove the distinction. The immortal Spooner next came forward with his great Maynooth motion. The announcement that he would not inflict a long speech on the House was received with the most enthusiastic cheering. He however indulged in some of the stereotyped platitudes about the "interference of the Pope." Mr. Walpole opposed the motion and on admision it was defeated by a majority of 55.

The peaceful inhabitants of Cardiff were thrown into a fearful state of excitement by the arrival in their port of the *Pelican*, a French war-steamer having on board a corps of hydrographers. The poor Cardiff people thought that the French invasion had commenced.

An interesting case of theft occurred lately in Lancashire. The parish clerk of one of the villages there was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for stealing the parson's eggs every Sunday when their owner was preaching.

The Prince of Wales has arrived after his frolic in Killarney and looks somewhat brighter after having breathed the clear air of Ireland.

W.

Proclamation.—The Revolutions.—The cruelties in Cawnpore.—The Stamped Drafts and Exchequer bonds.—The Principalities.—Tenant Right Commission in Ireland refused.—Property Qualification Bill. —The Oaths' Bill.—Sir C. Campbell.—Sick and wounded from India.—Australia.—Pelissier.—Blessing of ships by the Cardinal Archbishop.—The Gweedore men admitted to bail.

LONDON, May 7th, 1858.

The proclamation of the Governor-General of India to the people of Oude is looked upon as a document marked with that "mawkish clemency" towards the Sepoys, with which Lord Canning has ever been charged by a portion of our city press. I am at a loss to find in the proclamation, which I have taken the pains to read very carefully, an adequate cause for these denunciations. The government, however, does not approve of the proclamation and the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced on Monday night that when Ministers had received a proclamation which the Governor-General stated his intention of issuing as soon as Lucknow had fallen, a despatch was sent to that functionary disapproving of his policy in every sense. Whether the disapprobation of Ministers was, or not, dictated by party feeling is a highly debateable question.

The first of the Indian resolutions which proposes that the Government of India be transferred from the East India Company to the Crown was agreed to on Friday without a division. The second resolution, which provides that her Majesty, by one of her principal Secretaries of State, should have and perform all the powers and duties relating to the government of India now exercised and performed by the East India Company was read on Monday. Mr. Ayrton moved as an amendment that the powers and duties should be performed and exercised by a Minister of the Crown in council. It was opposed by Lord Stanley and supported by Mr. Gladstone, who insisted that the original resolution could not be worked out according to its terms. After some discussion, in which the Chancellor, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Mangles took part, the House divided, and the amendment was lost by 351 votes against 100.

On Monday, in the Upper House, Lord Shaftesbury inquired if details of the alleged cruelties at Cawnpore had been received, and was answered by Lord Ellenborough that they had not, and if they had it would not be desirable to publish them as they would revive the hostile feeling in India. Lord Shaftesbury wished to see such feelings cease, but the character of individuals who had been accused should be cleared.

The Stamp Duty on Drafts Bill and that of the Exchequer bonds, the two financial projects of the Chancellor, have passed the second reading. On Tuesday, Mr. Whiteside moved for leave to bring in a bill to facilitate the sale and transfer of land in Ireland. Mr. Deasy considered the bill a great improvement of the law of Ireland. Permission was granted to introduce the measure. Mr. Gladstone moved an address to Her Majesty to express the opinion of the House seconding the judgment of the executive government in favor of the union of the Danubian Principalities. Mr. S. Fitzgerald characterized the motion as unprecedented, and endeavored to argue that the union of the Principalities under a foreign prince would be virtually a dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and would be incompatible with the object of the Russian war. Mr. Deasy very properly contended that Mr. Fitzgerald had failed to answer Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Robert Cecil also considered his arguments weak. Lord Palmerston opposed, and Lord John Russell advocated the motion, which after some disapprobatory remarks from the Chancellor, was negatived by a majority of 178. The Marriage Law Amendment Bill, which legalizes marriage with a deceased wife's sister, passed the second reading on Wednesday by a majority of 40. In presenting a petition from Bradford in favor of the bill, Gen. Thomson said it appeared to him that every man in Bradford was anxious to marry his wife's sister.

A motion made last night for a select committee to inquire into the nature, origin and extent of the tenant right custom in Ireland, the recent violations of it in Donegal and other northern counties, and to consider and report how far it may be practicable to protect, for the benefit of the occupying tenants, the property which had been created under that custom was defeated by a majority of 189. Mr. Locke King's Bill for the abolition of the property qualification of Members was read a second time amidst prolonged applause exhibited in the most vociferous manner. The passage of the Oaths' bill, without the clause admitting the Jews, by the Upper House was announced by the Speaker on Friday last and it was moved by Lord John Russell, and agreed to, that the amendments be taken into consideration on that day week (to-night.)

It is announced "on authority" that her Majesty has signified her intention of raising Sir Colin Campbell to the peerage.

Nearly two hundred sick and wounded soldiers from India arrived at Chatham Garrison on Monday evening. They were brought by the E. I. Company's ship *Monarch*. Nine men and three children died during the voyage.

Our Australian news brings intelligence of the downfall of Haines and the restoration of O'Shaughnessy as head of the Ministry. Chas. Gavan Duffy is reinstated in his former post in the Land and Public Works department.

The Army and Navy Club gave a banquet to the new French ambassador at the mansion in St. James' Square, on Thursday evening. General Williams, of Kars celebrity, presided. Pelissier made an enthusiastic speech in favor of the alliance and hoped that the French and English armies would never more be estranged from each other. If we may trust these after dinner speeches and toasts, Dr. Bernard, in the matter of the alliance, is but a fly on the wheel.

The imposing ceremony of the blessing of eight ships belonging to the Government of Brazil was performed on Saturday by his Emmence Cardinal Wiseman. The lady of the Brazilian minister and the members of the Embassy, received his Eminence who was taken on board the admiral's boat, and in his pontifical robes proceeded from vessel to vessel till the ceremony was performed. The Cardinal Archbishop subsequently partook of a sumptuous breakfast on board the admiral's vessel.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on Wednesday, the Counsel for the Gweedore men applied to the Court that McBride and twelve other persons at present in Lifford Gaol on a charge of sheep-stealing should be admitted to bail. You are aware that those poor men have been in prison since October last. The solicitor-General opposed the application on the ground that ordinary bail would not secure the appearance of the traversers at the assizes. The application, however, was granted, the court being unanimous in its decision.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Patrie on the acquittal of Bernard —The alliance still safe.—Meeting of the Paris Conference.—The Turkish representative.—The recent elections.—Fiedmont.—Passage of the 1st and 2nd clauses of the Deforesta Bill.—Position of the Cavour Ministry. —Festival of the translation of St. Vincent de Paul — The Dames de Charite.—Their years' work.—Mgr de Charbonnel. —First Communion and Confirmation at the Lyceum Louis the Great.—A marriage.

PARIS, 29th April, 1858.

One of our semi-official journals, the *Patrie*, has lately published an article intended as an antidote to that of the *Constitutionnel* on the Bernard verdict. The article of the *Patrie* is administered as a gentle palliative, in the present excited state of French feeling on the result of the conspirator's trial. The joy with which the acquittal of Bernard was hailed must not, if we believe the *Patrie*, be taken as the expression of the opinions of the English people, but as that of an insignificant portion of the inhabitants of London who profess the most detestable doctrines, and have transformed into a hero the friend of an assassin. The *Patrie* pushes its indulgence so far as to say that the jurors were only guilty of error or weakness! It has the most unbounded confidence in the Derby administration which, according to it, should not be held responsible for the ravings of a few English demagogues, and considers the alliance in no wise endangered by the acquittal of Bernard.

It is confidently stated that the Paris conference will be reopened about the 10th or 12th of the coming month. I gave you in a late letter a summary of the business it had to transact, if it were to do all that is necessary to place Europe in a perfect state of peace. The *Debats* has it, however, on reliable authority that the conference will only treat the questions left in suspense by the Treaty of Paris. These questions are four in number: The tracing of the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia; the reorganization of the Danubian Principalities on the basis of ancient treaties and of the European Commission's report; the notification of the act of navigation of the Danube, ratified at Vienna by the bordering States; and the dissolution of the International Commission of Galatz.

The Constantinople journals confirm the news of Fuad Pacha's appointment as the representative of the Turkish government at the approaching conference.

The election for Deputies in the 3rd, 5th and 6th circumscriptions of the Department of the Seine have resulted in the election of General Perrot, the government candidate, and Jules Favre (Orsini's counsel) the candidate of the opposition. In the three circumscriptions, the number of voters registered is 95,095; but 57,850 took part in the elections. The candidate chosen in the 5th did not have the majority required by law so that another election will have to be held.

The debate in the Sardinian Chambers on the Conspiracy Law was brought to a close on the 23d inst. The principle of the bill was admitted by 129 votes against 29. In the succeeding session the first clause, relating to the crime of conspiracy against foreign Sovereigns, passed after being slightly amended. The second clause which relates to the apology, approbation or justification of political assassination has since been passed by a large majority. This must not, however, be regarded as a victory for the Cavour ministry, because the Right threw away all party considerations in the case and gave a strictly conscientious vote. The length of its existence, now that its friends of the Left who helped it in its needs have been alienated from it, will depend on the reluctance of the Right to bring about a ministerial crisis.

During the Octave of the translation of the relics of Saint Vincent de Paul which is being celebrated with great solemnity in the Chapelle of the Lazarists, Rue de Sevres, that church is daily crowded with a pious multitude. On Friday, the society of the Ladies of Charity, founded in Paris by the great saint himself, held its annual general assembly which was presided over by his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop. His Eminence celebrated mass on the occasion. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity and nearly the entire assembly received Holy Communion from his hands. The report for 1857 was read by the Rev. Pere Etienne, Superior-General of the Lazarists, and director of the association. The Ladies on the 1st January, 1858, numbered 840; they belong to all classes of society and among them are several names belonging to the highest ranks of the aristocracy; they visit the poor and sick of thirty-one parishes of Paris and the suburbs. The number of sick poor succored during the past year is more than eighty-four thousand and nearly one hundred thousand francs have been distributed among them. Ninety-two adults who had not been baptised have received the Sacrament through the instrumentality of those benevolent ladies. The Cardinal-Archbishop pronounced a short but eloquent allocution which went to the hearts of all present. On Thursday, Monseigneur de Charbounel, Bishop of Toronto, who is about to return to Canada, celebrated mass, and the sermon was preached by the Abbe Perry, apostolical vicar of Canton.

On Thursday last, the pupils of the Lycee Louis-le-Grand, who had been prepared by the Abbe Coquereau, Chief-Almoner of the Fleet, made their first Communion. His Eminence, Cardinal Morlot, subsequently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. Among the distinguished persons present on the occasion was His Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction.

In the Church of the Foreign Missions took place on Saturday the marriage of the Count de Lenzbourg and Mlle. de Nugent. The ancestors of the Count served in the Swiss Guard when Nugent's regiment was distinguishing itself among the corps of Irish cavalry who fought in the service of France. In announcing the wedding a daily journal says: "The two families who are thus allied have inherited the same traditions of honor and fidelity."

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CITY NEWS.

TAKEN IN AND FLEECED.—A "bogus" policeman encountered a verdant from the rural districts in Washington street one day last week and intimated to the unsuspecting countryman that he had incurred a penalty of exactly $5 in consequence of smoking in the streets. The countryman at once concluded he had better pay the fine, and handed over a $20 gold piece in furtherance of that object. "Bogus" disappeared as if for the purpose of getting change, and has not since been heard of.

THE MEAT MARKET.—There was a falling off in the number of cattle offered for sale last week, consequently prices went up, in some instances one cent a pound. The specimens offered were of good quality. Drovers, owing to the advance, realized an advantage of probably $5 per head over last week's sales.

DEMANDING SATISFACTION.—The regular Democratic General Committee passed a series of resolutions on Thursday evening last, calling on Congress to demand reparation from the British Government for the insults committed by their cruisers on the American flag.

FALLING OFF.—According to the report of the Commissioners of Emigration we observe that up to Wednesday, the 19th inst., only 18,122 emigrants have arrived here from Europe. To the same date last year we had 42,527, being a falling off of 24,405.

FOUND DEAD.—Thomas G. Gaylord, a Cincinnati merchant, was found dead at the corner of Canal and Church streets, on the evening of the 20th inst. Deceased had on his person $141 27, besides drafts to the amount of $10,000.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—The *Star of the West*, which left here for Aspinwall on Thursday last, carried out 450 passengers all bound for California.

Over one hundred feet of a wall, forming part of the Gas House, corner of Eighteenth street, between the 9th and 10th Avennes, fell on Wednesday last, burying two men beneath the ruins. Several other persons received severe, but not fatal, contusions. The houses in the neighborhood were shaken by the crash as if by an earthquake. The wall was thirty feet high.

The Aldermanic Tax Committee at a recent meeting considered several petitions for the remission of taxes. The sum of $242 93, which was levied against the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Fourteenth street, came under consideration, and was remitted, on the ground that the levy was illegal.

A fire broke out in the German theatre, in Forsythe street, one day last week, which resulted in the loss of $500 worth of property.

A German Company has been formed for the purpose of establishing a regular line of steamers between this city and Bremen. The first trip will be made from this port on the 10th of June next.

Anson G. Phelps, a well known merchant of this city, died suddenly at his private residence, on Tuesday, the 18th inst.

The Police Commissioners have prohibited the crying of newspapers on Sundays.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Death of a Sister of Mercy.—Sister Mary Augustine Mulhall died on the 29th ult., in the twenty-ninth year of her age, in the Convent of Mercy, Carlow, and in the 9th year of her religious profession. Gifted by nature with intellectual powers of a high order, she devoted herself to the duties of education, and to the service of the poor.

Conversions.—We are happy to learn on undoubted authority that at the late mission in Tagoet no less than nine adult Protestants renounced the errors and delusions of the Protestant religion, made a solemn profession of the Catholic faith, and were happily received into the bosom of the Catholic Church.—*Wexford People.*

Reception.—Miss Coyne, sister of our late lamented townsman, James Coyne, Esq., received the holy habit of religion at the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of this diocese, in the Presentation Convent, Carrick-on-Suir.—*Free Press.*

Messrs. Bishop, Starr and Richardson, have constructed, at their factory, a magnificent organ for the church of the Oratorian Fathers at Brompton. Its cost is somewhere between £2,000, and £3,000, which is munificently defrayed by a noble lady, a member of the congregation.—*Weekly Register.*

The Rev. P. Lavelle, Professor, Irish College, Paris, arrived in town this week. The Rev. gentleman has been nominated by his Grace the Archbishop to the administratorship of the parish of Mayo, which is rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Jennings, P.P.—*Tuam Herald.*

The Rev. Thomas Prendergast, for some years the respected Superior of the Franciscan Convent, Clonmel, has been removed to Carrick-on-Suir, and is replaced by the Rev. Mr. Bergin, from Limerick. The Rev. Michael Burke has been transferred from Carrick-on-Suir to Athlone.—*Limerick Reporter.*

A new Church is proposed to be erected in the important town of Sunderland, designs for which have been executed by Mr. Pugin, who also supplied those for the Presbytery at Newcastle, just completed.

The handsome new church of Patrick, Edinburg, was lately solemnly blessed and opened by Bishop Smith, V.A., Coadjutor of the Western District of Scotland.

Cardinal Wiseman has given £1,000 to the Catholic Reformatory about being built in Kensal Green for 100 boys.

A new Church and Presbytery is to be commenced in Warwick, from the designs of Mr. Pugin.

A new Catholic Church is about to be erected in East Bergholt, Suffolk.

Domestic.

Closing of St. Bridget's Mission.—This great and successful mission given to St. Bridget's congregation by the illustrious Missionary Fathers Walworth, Hewit, Baker, and Deschon, was finally closed on Sunday evening, May 16th. It might be said no mission was ever given in this city with less excitement and more profit and advantage to a congregation than that just given to St. Bridget's people. These good fathers found, on entering upon their arduous work, a great and ripe harvest indeed, but still laborers were few; on this account they redoubled their untiring energy and brought to God a rich treasure of nearly six thousand penitents, all of whom received Holy Communion. The zeal, the eloquence, the learning and piety of these Missioners captivated every heart and mind. The child and parent, the aged and infirm, vied with each other in closest attendance to every exercise; and those who had not attended Mass or been to Confession for ten, twenty, thirty and forty years, could be seen foremost in attending morning exercise, which commenced at 5, A.M., while again they could be seen in the evening, hurrying from the workshop to the Church, to blend their voices with the faithful in the pious recital of the Rosary and other evening exercises. This spirit of true repentance pervading every heart cheered on the Holy Missionary Fathers in their great, toilsome labors. At first, between three and four hundred children were prepared for Holy Communion. This was a pleasant task, for these good men have evidently the kindliest feelings for youthful piety. Scarcely was the time announced for hearing adult confessions, when hundreds, I should say thousands, thronged around the confessionals in the most earnest yet orderly manner. And now commenced the heavy and exhausting duties of hearing confessions from 5 o'clock, A.M., until half-past 6, P. M., in the evening. At this moment business men, mechanics, laborers, in a word, men of every grade and occupation, threw aside all worldly care to secure for their souls peace with their God. In this manner could be seen a countless number of men and women hurrying day after day and patiently awaiting their turn to Confession. Even sleep they seemed to have forgotten, for at one and two o'clock in the morning they thronged around the Church, and in some cases several stayed by the Church the whole night to secure for themselves an opportunity of Confession. Upwards of twenty converts were received during the Mission. There is no doubt the blessings brought to this people were superabundant. These happy people will ever bless the day on which these holy men of God came in their midst as angels of peace and vessels of God's mercy.

Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Avenue.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation in this Church at 9 o'clock, A.M., on the 20th inst., to 396 persons, only about twelve of whom were adults—some recently converted to our faith. The pastor, Rev. Thos. Farrell, and assistant priests have devoted a great deal of time to the preparation of the children who were about to receive the Sacrament, and not one was admitted who had not passed, successfully, a rigid examination by the priests of the Church. To the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity the greatest credit is due for the admirable manner in which the children, both male and female, were prepared. Mass was celebrated by the pastor, and all, or nearly all, for Confirmation approached the Sacred Table and partook of the Bread of Life. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice the Most Rev. Archbishop, attended by the clergy, came upon the altar and proceeded to address those about to be confirmed, in that paternal and feeling manner so peculiarly his own. His Grace instructed them upon the importance and dignity of the Sacrament of Confirmation. In the Sacrament of Baptism they were made children of God and of His Church; and in the sacrament they were about to receive, the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost would be conferred upon them, and they would be confirmed in the grace they had received in holy baptism. Although they had not now to suffer martyrdom for the faith, like the Christians of early times, they had other trials to undergo—the sneer of the infidel for their fidelity to god; the scoff of the irreligious on account of the practice of their religion. He exhorted them to seek the society and cultivate the friendship of those who had been confirmed with them; to avoid contamination with the infidel, and to keep away from those whose lives are polluted with blasphemies, and whose immoral language is calculated to corrupt and degrade human nature. His Grace then proceeded to administer the Holy Sacrament, and at the conclusion gave the Episcopal Benediction. St. Joseph's is now one of the most beautiful of our city churches. The magnificent altar, upon which is placed a costly statue of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by flowers, natural and artificial, and otherwise beautifully arranged; the chaste and elegant decorations of the church, *al freseo*, with the profuse gilding of the ornamental work, tend to give a richness of appearance not observable in any other churches. We learn that the ornamental and decorative work, costing nearly $3,000, has been paid for by voluntary subscription and contribution on the part of the congregation.

Ladies' Benevolent Society.—The Ladies' Benevolent Society of St. James's Church, N. Y., on closing their accounts for the present season, are desirous of giving a report of their expenses, receipts, and disbursements during the past four months. From the funds in their possession, and which were acquired from the benevolence and generosity of the parishioners, at the Fair held in St. James's Church, the Ladies' Benevolent Society have assisted and relieved more than 170 families, with money, food, shoes, and clothing. From the sum of $1,343, which remained after the payment of all debts and expenses incurred by the Fair, they have given and distributed in the following manner: To the House of the Good Shepherd or Magdalen Asylum, $490; to St. Vincent's Hospital for board and attendance, &c., &c., for one sick person, $18 50; to the poor, in small sums, $65 50; for groceries, $100; bread, 3,334 loaves; shoes, 348 pairs; stockings, 10 dozen pairs; flannel, muslin, &c., 2,284 yards. The greater portion of this clothing had been made into useful garments by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, thereby very much increasing its value to the recipients. Many of the children attending both Brothers' and Sisters' Schools" have been enabled to do so by the gift of shoes, stockings, &c. To the boys 88 articles of clothing have been given, in addition to a considerable share of shoes, &c., as above mentioned.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have removed from the premises adjoining St. Peter's Church, to the large and commodious brick building formerly occupied as the Boy's Orphan Asylum, near the old burying ground, where, in addition to carrying out the object of the Institution, a part of the building will be devoted to give instruction in the English branches of education and a knowledge of the languages, on the most reasonable terms.—*Buffalo Sentinel.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood administered the Sacrament of Confirmation lately to nearly fifty persons at Holmesburg. Among those confirmed was a young lady who has recently been numbered amongst the True Fold. On the same occasion she received Holy Communion.

The Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to forty-five persons, in St. John's Church, Frederick, on the Feast of the Ascension. He confirmed, the same day, twenty-two pupils in the chapel of the Academy of the Visitation.

The New Catholic Church.—The corner stone of the New Catholic Church, in Northrup's Addition, was laid on Sunday last. The ceremony was impressive, and was witnessed by a large concourse of people. Father Donnelly, of Kansas city, officiated, assisted by Father Fisch, of Wyandott. The sermon was delivered by the former, and was listened to with the utmost attention. It was the wish of Bishop Miege, of Leavenworth, to have been present and perform the ceremony, but he was prevented by other engagements. The Church is to be built of brick, 24 feet front and 50 feet deep, to be completed by the 4th of July next, at which time the consecrating ceremonies will be performed. The edifice is to be dedicated to St. Mary. It is a fact worthy of note that this is the first corner stone for a Catholic Church that has been laid in Kansas Territory. Before closing, we must speak of the liberality of Mr. Northrup, who has generously donated fourteen lots to St. Mary's congregation, for church and school purposes.—*Western Argus,* (Kansas.)

Catholic Church in Quindaro.—Mr. Robetaille has kindly donated five acres of land adjacent to Quindaro to the Catholics of that place, for the erection of a Church and Schoolhouse.—*Ibid.*

Well Done New Orleans!—A letter from New Orleans, of 25th ult., says: "Yesterday the Archbishop consecrated the Church of St. Alponsus for the Redemptorists, (for the English speaking Catholics of Lafayette.) In the afternoon he laid the corner stone of the Church of the Assumption for the Germans on the opposite block. The French Church is under roof on the adjoining block. Ten years ago the Archbishop gave Confirmation in that part of the town in a small room used for concerts and dancing. There are now, besides the large house of the Redemptorists, a very large asylum under the care of the School Sisters, boys' and girls', parochial schools, with twelve hundred children, besides the St. Elizabeth Asylum of the Sisters of Charity for teaching trades to young girls—all on three contiguous blocks!"—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

There were twenty-two persons confirmed in the Church of the Fourteen Holy Patrons at Reading on Ascension Day. The procession which marched a half mile to meet the Archbishop and Very Rev. Messrs. Collins and Ferneding was well organized with singers and banners. There were ninety-nine confirmed in St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, last Sunday. The Archbishop preached at the High Mass.—*Ibid.*

The new Church of St. Paul, at Burlington, N. J., is almost completed, and will be dedicated to the service of the Most High early in July. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the energetic pastor, Father Bowles, for his indefatigable services in the cause of religion. For the present, the Rev. gentleman will officiate at Beverly on every second Sunday.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.*

[Advertisement.]

The Hon. James T. Brady, in his able lecture on "The Legal Disabilities of Woman," delivered in this city some few evenings ago, discussed the condition of women in Athens, and among the Mohammedans, as contrasted with her improved state in Rome and Sparta, and under the influence of chivalry. Gibbon said that savages were tyrants of the female sex, and the condition of woman was usually softened by the refinements of social life. There can be no doubt of the great historian's correct estimate of such characters; for a man must indeed be a savage who would act the tyrant with one whom he had sworn to love as an equal. A true man not only desires to see his wife in full possession of her legal rights, but also dressed in such a manner as to indicate her appreciation of tasteful effect; and the same assertion will apply to woman. Show us a man when he is purchasing his dress, and we will tell you what estimate we instinctively place upon his domestic character. For instance, should a father of a family enter some flashy establishment to buy a pair of boots or shoes, and pay an exorbitant price, merely because it seems "aristocratic," we would pronounce him a vain, petuland husband, and a father who will leave his children penniless; but on the other hand, should he patronize such a well-known and substantial house as that of Mr. Robert McCafferty's, at No. 230 Bowery, and obtain equally elegant and well-made boots and shoes at their proper valuation, he may be set down as a kind and provident father and husband. The Mr. McCafferty of whom we speak, has a first-class stock of elegant boots and shoes, at his neat saleroom, No. 230, while he devotes *another* store—next door—at No. 232 Bowery, for the sale of durable and cheap shoes, boots, gaiters, &c, for those who care more for strength and economy, that fashion, thus supplying the wants of every class in society. His prices are worthy of his reputation as an honorable business man.

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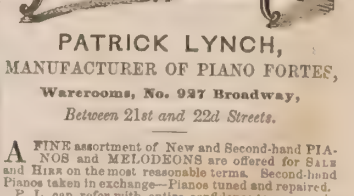

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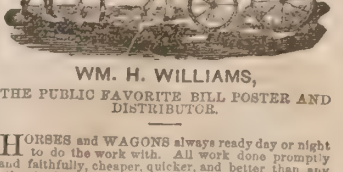

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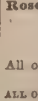

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